

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

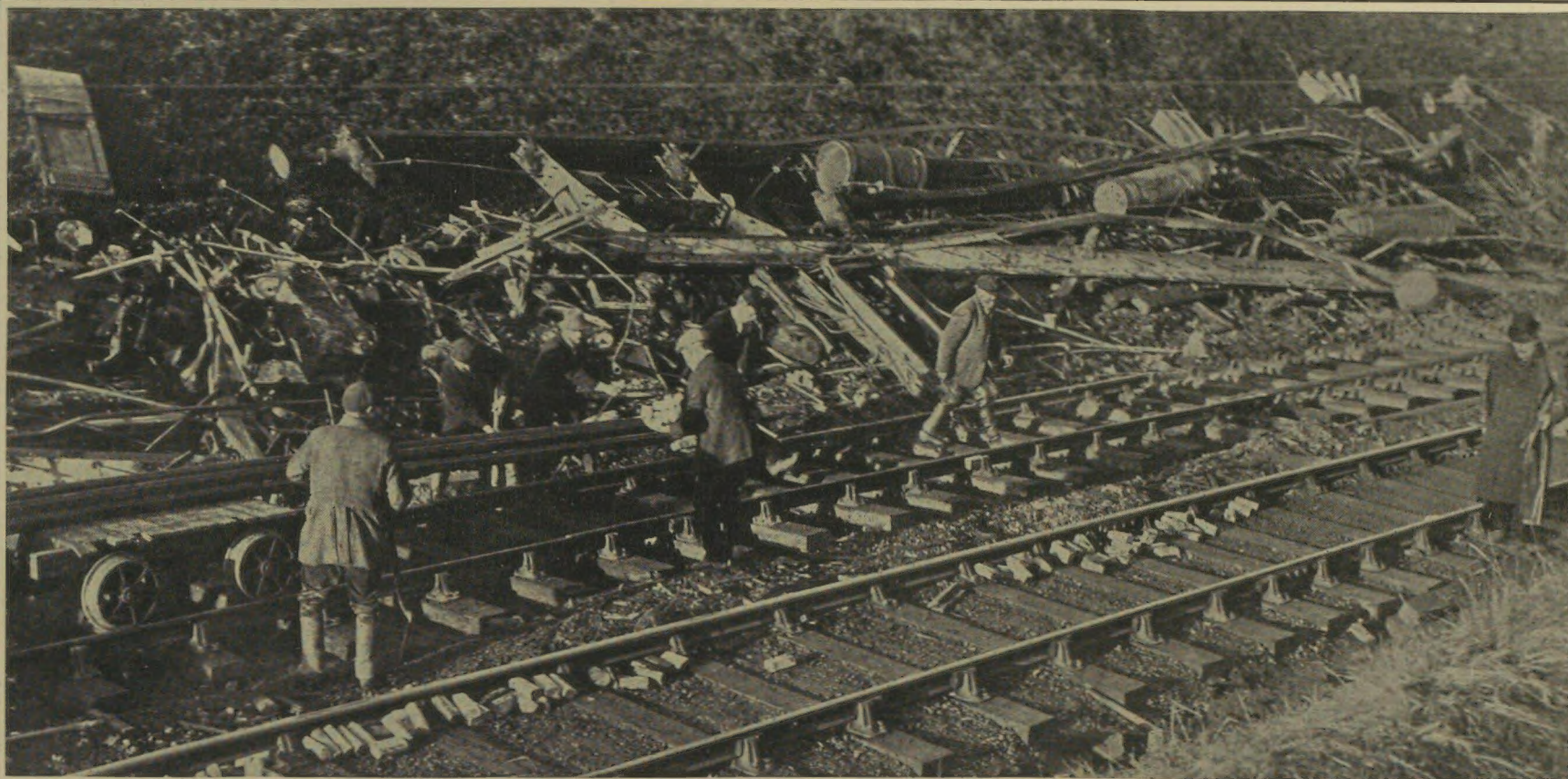
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1910.

SIXPENCE.

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THE TERRIBLE CHRISTMAS "EVE" RAILWAY DISASTER: BURNT-OUT CARRIAGES OF THE ILL-FATED SCOTCH EXPRESS.

Christmas was darkened this year by a terrible series of disasters. Following close on the great mine calamity in Lancashire and the level-crossing accident near Chesterfield came the wreck near Hawes Junction of the express which left St. Pancras for Glasgow at midnight on Friday last. The train, running at some sixty miles an hour, dashed into two light pilot-engines travelling in the same direction. Fire broke out in the wreckage almost immediately, consuming practically the whole train. The disaster takes its appalling nature less from the number of the killed and injured—though that was heavy enough—than from the terrible end met by the ill-fated passengers who lost their lives—death by burning. The peculiar horror of it was emphasised at the inquest on Monday by the difficulty of identifying the dead, who were "named" only by the recognition of a button, or a golf-club, or a seal, or some such trifle. It has been suggested that the carrying of gas by trains shall be discontinued, that at least one danger in collisions may be lessened. Gas-cylinders may be seen amongst the wreckage.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"JACK AND THE BEANSTALK." AT DRURY LANE.

THERE is something typical in that giant of the new
Drury Lane pantomime, whose size is so porten-
tous that only a portion of him can be shown at a
time. The show itself is like its giant. "Jack and
the Beanstalk" towers high above Mr. Arthur Collins's
former achievements. Its shape is so vast, its effects
are so massive, its details are so bewildering in their
variety that they leave the spectator stunned with
delight, and unable to piece together his impressions
or get a perspective of the whole. Any description of
this pantomime would have to vie with it in length to
do anything like justice to its spectacular beauties, its
glitter of light and colour, its feast of song and music
and dance, its whirl of delirious fun. Since a begin-
ning must be made, let us start with this last item
first. Surely there has never been so laughable an
entertainment at the Lane as that offered this holiday
season! Children and grown-ups alike nearly rolled
off their seats in an agony of amusement as they
watched the pranks of Mr. George Graves's Mrs.
Hallybut with her sour-milk cow Priscilla, or in the
midst of those beans that grew sky-high within a
single night. See this lady's grim visage as she receives
the advice of an interfering onlooker while she is
struggling with adversity, and you will find your sides
aching with laughter. And if Mr. Graves's humour is
dry, that of Mr. Harry Randall as a Prince with most
unroyal tastes is rich with the richness of perfect low-
comedy. Yet this pair are but the two most con-
spicuous members of quite a troupe of comedians, which
includes, besides Mr. Johnny Danvers as a gouty King,
Mr. George Barrett, whose big boy made to take a
powder and go to bed in disgrace will make any child
shriek with amusement; and Mr. Conquest in the guise
of the hapless cow, Priscilla. But besides fun, there are
also poetic grace and imaginative feeling about this
pantomime. Jack himself, who is made a boy scout
camping on Leith Hill, is subjected to the influence of
Puck and the fairies, and is plunged into a new Mid-
summer Night's Dream. A delightful Jack we have in
Miss Dolly Castles, the most dashing of principal boys;
and the Puck of Miss Anita Edis is the daintiest of
rogues, fit master of revels in so beautiful a scene. Nor
is this our only view of Titania's little people. For the
big spectacle of the show reveals to us the fairy-queen's
bower, and there are naiads gleaming in water, fairies
glancing everywhere like butterflies in streams of
light, and magic harps everywhere, and at the last
the hero climbing, climbing after his lost Princess.
That Princess is represented by pretty and charming
Miss Julia James, and her attendant is Miss Maudie
Thornton, the sprightliest of soubrettes. There is yet
another exquisite tableau, all blue in a blaze of crystal
light, which celebrates "Love's Triumph." This
fittingly closes the story, but Drury Lane does not
depend on set scenes merely, and its picturesque
market-place in Widdicombe Fair deserves more than
passing comment. As for the score, Mr. Glover is
responsible for it, and that means it is as gigantesque
and overpowering as most of the effects of this wonderful
pantomime.

"OUR LITTLE CINDERELLA." AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

London playgoers have a great treat provided then
this Christmas-time: they are offered at Mr. Cyril
Maude's Playhouse what is virtually a pantomime
based on the most lovely of all nursery stories, and
not overwhelmed by spectacular extravagance and
irrelevant fooling with which it is so often smothered in
ordinary pantomime. The actors, from Mr. Maude him-
self, who, as the broken-down Peer, supposed to be
the heroine's father, warbles a song about the decline of
his order, down to the veriest super who joins in the dance
of fairies, are all so good-humoured, and inspire good-
humour; and little Miss Margery Maude's Cinderella—
whether she is singing sadly in her rags "Nobody
seems to want me," or waltzing with a broom, or is
in the seventh heaven of delight as she dances in her
lovely robes with the Prince of her dreams—is as gracious
and exquisite a representative as has ever been found
for this fairy-tale. Perhaps it is rather a pity that the
playwright has made his Prince so stupid and bored
a young man. But, after all, this debasement gives him
some individuality, and he is a man, and not a girl in
tights. And, again, we have to thank Mr. Trevor for
letting us have Cinderella's ugly and ill-natured sisters
interpreted by women: admirably are the parts played
by Miss Ethel Morrison and Miss Emma Chambers,
and there are also droll moments when Mr. Averell,
as a Captain of the Highgate Hussars, or Miss Maidie
Hope as a dashing widow, are on the stage.

"CINDERELLA." AT THE LYCEUM.

The tale of Cinderella lends itself, happily, to a large
variety of treatment. The way in which Messrs. Mel-
ville have treated it at the Lyceum is very much
that of their father, Andrew Melville, and therefore
their pantomime may be described as of the good
old-fashioned type. They have selected wisely a very
winsome and sweet-voiced representative of Cinderella
in Miss Iris Hoey, and they have retained, in the
part of the Spirit of the Slipper, that darling of the
preceding Lyceum management, little Miss Mar-
jorie Carpenter, whose pretty singing and dancing
once more give delight by reason of the un-self-con-
sciousness of the child-actress. But they have also
enlisted in their service several well-known performers
from the "halls," and permitted these a free hand
as entertainers by the way. But while there is plenty
of rollicking fun and interpolated business in the Lyceum
"Cinderella," the main lines of the story are carefully
adhered to, and the fairies are prominent.

ANOTHER "CINDERELLA." AT THE CORONET.

"Cinderella" fills the bill also at the Coronet, and
here Mr. Robert Arthur adheres to the traditions of his
management. He makes no attempts at spectacular ex-
travagance or gigantic transformation scenes or colossal
ballets, but he certainly furnishes an abundance of hearty
fun, pretty melodies, and graceful dancing; and rich as
is this adornment, it adorns and does not take the place

of a fanciful treatment of the legend associated with the
most popular of nursery-heroiness. If we laugh over the
pranks of Mr. Eric Fair, Mr. Erne Chester, and Mr.
W. F. Doust as Cinderella's sportsman-father and his
following of brokers' men, if we chuckle at the huge hats
and hobble skirts which Messrs. Fred Anderson and Tom
Birchmore wear as the Ugly Sisters, or laugh at these
ladies' efforts at vocalisation, we are also charmed with
the daintiness of Miss Margaret Macdonald's Cinderella,
the effective singing of Miss Gladys Soman's Prince, and
the high spirits of Miss Rosie Begarnie's Dandini. Full
houses should be the rule here for many a week.

"ALADDIN." AT THE KENNINGTON.

There are ten scenes in the story of "Aladdin," as
presented at Kennington, and each one is a triumph
of art and ingenuity. The Gretna Green set, the
gorgeous cave and the dazzling palace of the hero
must be accorded the chief prizes for beauty. Each
scene contributes its share towards the amusement and
delight of the spectator, and such interpolations as
there are in the record of Aladdin's adventures have
their justification as providing legitimate entertainment
in the way of fun or pretty dances or musical attractions.
Miss Constance Hyem makes a merry and handsome
Aladdin, Miss Florence Hersee scores as a pretty
Chinese maiden, and Mr. W. Garvey as the Widow
Twankey could give points to many comedians at the
game of being funny without transgressing the canons
of good taste.

"PETER PAN." AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

Truly Peter Pan refuses to grow up, for this is his
seventh year at the Duke of York's. He refuses also
to lose his charm. Mr. Barrie's exquisite fantasy is
just as fascinating, just as fresh, just as capable of
drawing tears and laughter, enthusiasm and wonder,
from old and young now as at its original performance.
Its pirates and Redskins and mermaids, its dog-nurse,
and its crocodile with the ticking-clock and its boy
without a shadow, its delicious child-mother, Wendy,
and its glorious filibusterer, Captain Hook, still exercise
their old power. There is no need to voice the merits of
Miss Pauline Chase's Peter Pan; it is a familiar perform-
ance, but the almost ideal Wendy of Miss Gertrude Lang,
the fine burlesque note in Miss Holman Clark's Hook,
and the ever-welcome Smea and Starkey of Messrs.
George Shelton and Charles Trevor call for tributes
of praise.

"ALICE." AT THE SAVOY.

One of the best revivals of "Alice in Wonderland"
we have ever had is that now to be seen at the Savoy, in
which Miss Ivy Sawyer figures as heroine in the stage-
version of Lewis Carroll's ever popular story. The Alice
is really like the dear little girl of Tenniel's drawings,
and therefore of the author's conceiving. Miss Sawyer
sings and dances and talks brightly and gracefully, but
she is at the same time just a little bit prim, as she should
be, and quite free from theatrical self-consciousness.
The part-singing, too, of her young companions is much
above the average of child-play productions, and two
winsome little girls play the parts of the Dormouse and
the Cheshire Cat, while our old friends the Mad Hatter
and Tweedledum and Tweedledee obtain capital repre-
sentation. "Alice" should enjoy a fresh run.

A POSTER PANTOMIME AT THE COURT.

Familiar figures on our hoardings are made to furnish
amusement in the "poster pantomime" now being pre-
sented by Miss Phyllis Beadon at the Court. Thus the
lean and the fat cats, the Rhubarb Girl who advertises
custard powder, the young lady who sits at the tiller of a
yacht as an "easy first," and other such celebrities, take
their part in tableaux vivants; and a very bright enter-
tainment, in which Mr. Powis Pinder and Miss Beadon
share, has been written around these poster-people and
Blue Beard and Bo-Peep. The first part of the pro-
gramme is a melody of choruses, solos, and dances,
contributed to by the Patchwork Pierrots.

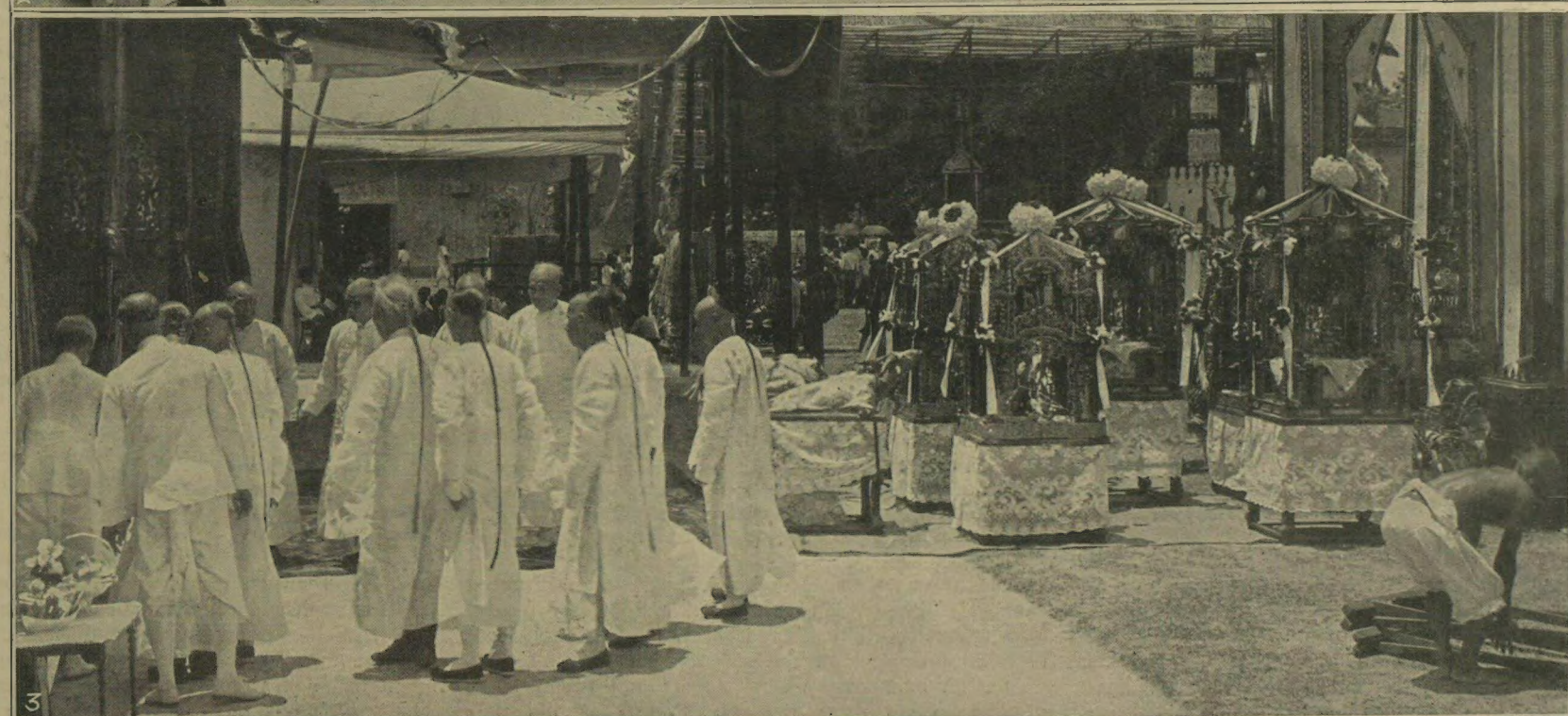
"THE PIPER." AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

The play which won the prize offered by Mr. F. R.
Benson in connection with the Stratford Festival was
given its first London performance last week, and is
being presented just now at a series of St. James's
matinees. The prize, it will be remembered, was secured
by a woman, Miss Josephina Peabody, and her work is
elaborated from the legend made famous by the art of
Robert Browning. As staged, however, "The Piper,"
to give the piece its title, gives us more hopes of
Miss Peabody as poet than as playwright. There is
fancy and lyrical feeling in her treatment, but little
sense of drama. She evokes, pleasantly enough, a
picture of a sleepy mediæval German town, with the
sleek and comfortable burghers and its ceremonial of
Church and State, but she has fallen too much in love
with her own eloquence, and makes of her Piper a
sermonising bore, who delivers lengthy speeches. Only
in the first act does he live up to his reputation, and lure
the townschildren out of their homes and lead them as
he pipes to the hollow under the hill. That act is in the
right key; but the Piper's subsequent proceedings are
not too interesting or impressive. Miss Marion Terry
gives a touching representation of the pathos of mater-
nal bereavement. Mr. Benson looks picturesque as the
Piper, and intones his speeches with an almost eccle-
siastical unction. The setting of the play is all that
could be desired. But the magic of the story seems
to evaporate halfway through the action.

"THE BLUE BIRD." REVIVED AT THE HAYMARKET.

The new act which M. Maeterlinck has added to his
pretty allegory of "The Blue Bird" hardly compares
favourably with the older portions of a play which has
already the right, with "Peter Pan," of being regarded
as a hardy annual each Christmas season. Persons
gorging at tables which are loaded with dainties do not
represent, though the poet-playwright may think so,
even a schoolboy's, much less a young girl's, idea of
happiness. But the other scenes of the fable—notably
the Land of Memory, with its suggestion that our be-
loved dead come to life just as often as we think of
them—have lost none of their charm after a twelve-
month's interval. Mr. Trench ought to be able to
count on another long run for his Christmas venture.

HONOURING THE EMBALMED BODY OF KING CHULALONGKORN: THE PROCESSION WHICH PRECEDED THE LYING-IN-STATE OF THE LATE RULER OF SIAM.

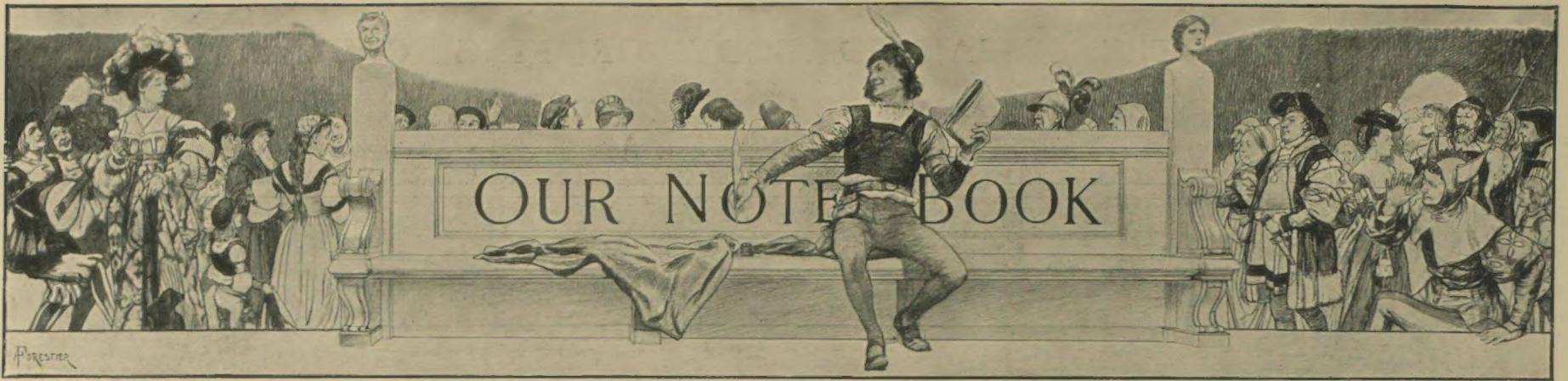


1. KING CHULALONGKORN'S SIX HUNDRED WIVES AFTER THE PROCESSION TO THE PLACE OF LYING-IN-STATE.

2. THE OXFORD MAN WHO RULES OVER SIAM: HIS MAJESTY MAHA VAJIRAVUDH BORNE IN STATE ON THE OCCASION OF THE REMOVAL OF THE EMBALMED BODY OF HIS FATHER TO THE PLACE OF LYING-IN-STATE.

3. OFFICIAL REPRESENTATIVES FOR THE LYING-IN-STATE PROCESSION: THE DEPUTATION FROM THE CHINESE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

King Chulalongkorn I. of Siam died on October 23. On the following day took place the ceremony of drinking water in token of allegiance to his successor, Maha Vajiravudh. The new King is most European in his ideas, a fact which will cause no wonderment when it is remembered that the studies he began in this country under Mr. Basil Thomson were continued at Christ Church, Oxford, and that he was a cadet at Potsdam and attached to the Durham Light Infantry at Aldershot. Under his guidance, Siam will undoubtedly continue in the path of Westernisation it has now been following for some years. King Chulalongkorn left a rescript saying that the wasteful expenditure on royal cremations was not in accord with the modernity of his country, and ordered that in his case the usual ceremonies should not be observed. The photographs were taken on the occasion of the bearing of the embalmed body of the dead ruler to the place of lying-in-state. Cremation has not yet taken place.—(PHOTOGRAPHS BY TRIER.)



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I NEVER can quite understand why it is that when the newspapers mention Christmas and its lessons they begin to talk at once about international disarmament. It is certainly a Christmas ideal that unjust wars should cease; but not more than unjust Governments, or unjust trades, or unjust law-suits, or any of the numberless other ways in which men torture or betray their kind. The usual and popular translation of the song of the angels is "Peace on earth: goodwill among men." Apart from the accuracy, it might be worth while to point out that the two are very different things. Peace on earth might mean something quite different from goodwill among men. Peace on earth might mean a still panic, lying flat before a universal tyrant. Peace on earth might mean every man hating his neighbour, but fearing his neighbour just one shade more than he hated him. "They make a solitude and call it peace." So said the old Roman satirist; but the silence of which he spoke was at least a dead silence. How if we make a living silence—a silence of mute millions or slaves? And how if we call that peace?

This, of course, leads me to the case of Mr. Carnegie. I have put up, as best I might, with millionaires of my time when they decreed war, sudden and sensational war, as everyone admitted; mean and immoral war, as I believed. I have got used to millionaires when they dictate war. But if they begin to dictate peace I positively rebel.

Mr. Carnegie ought to know as well as anyone else how curious quarrels can arise in this human family of ours. Mr. Carnegie, to say the least of it, is scarcely a Christmas person. If he came down the chimney (carrying a free library) it would hardly console the children for the absence of Santa Claus carrying a bag of toys. I can scarcely conceive any personality, in fact or fiction, who would fit in less with Christmas than this mechanical millionaire, with the head of metal and the theories of clockwork; a cold complication of the Yank and Scot. He typifies machinery, and like most machinery, he goes wrong at times.

One vital mistake is made about this matter by Mr. Carnegie and his kind. They persistently say, and they actually seem to think, that wars arise out of hatred. There may have been wars that arose out of hatred, but at this instant I cannot recollect a single one. In this, as in many other matters, the truest tale in the world is the Iliad or Siege of Troy. Wars never begin in hatred; they either arise out of the honourable affection a man has for his own possessions; or else out of the black and furtive affection he has for someone else's possessions. But it is always affection; it is never hate. The Greeks and Trojans did not hate each other in the least; there is scarcely one spark of hatred in the whole of the Iliad, save that great flare that comes out of the hero's love for Patroclus. The two armies are strewing the plain with corpses and dyeing the very sea with blood from love and not from detestation. It all arises because Paris has conceived an evil affection for Helen, while Menelaus cannot cease to love her. In other words, both hosts are fighting, not because fighting is not nasty, but because they have something nice to fight about.

That will be found to be the feeling of all real soldiers everywhere. "The distant Trojans never injured me." A real soldier does not fight because he has something that he hates in front of him. He fights because he has something that he loves behind his back. Tolstoy and other advocates of an abject submission have often urged this fact of the non-existence of hatred as an argument for the non-existence of war. The little French peasant (says Tolstoy) does not really hate the little German student; why then should they fight? The answer comes with all the most high and disdainful thunders of the human soul. They fight because they love, not because they hate; the Frenchman strikes because France is beautiful, not because a German happens to be ugly. The German strikes

special attachments. We will remove from the discussion all the ugly affections, all the evil loves that are largely the making of the conflicts of mankind. We will suppose that we are speaking only of the chivalrous or the domestic attachments that make up much of the slender dignity of man. And still the question remains for the peace propagandist to answer. Does he mean that the British soldier ought not to love his colours? Does he mean that the Boer farmer ought not to love his farm?

There seems, indeed, to be a strange forgetfulness among writers and thinkers of the actual sentiments of the mass of men in these matters. They do not understand how positive and virile are men's loves. I saw in the *Nation* the other day an article called "The

Grey Novel," which was devoted to praising (doubtless most justly) a novel by Mr. Arnold Bennett. But I do not deal here with the novelist, but with the critic. In Mr. Bennett's story, it appears, there is a description of Paris during the siege of 1870; and the reviewer says admiringly that Mr. Arnold Bennett treats the situation economically, as it appeared to the small tradesman, without any glory or tragedy.

Now in the name of the Seven Champions of Christendom, who is this reviewer that he should say that "small tradesmen" felt no glory or tragedy in the defence or desolation of France? If he had said so to the small tradesmen themselves during the siege, they would have torn him in pieces. Surely the reviewer is "realist" enough to appreciate such a reality as that. Surely it is perfectly plain that it is precisely the ordinary man, the little clerk or shopkeeper, who does feel the patriotic sentiment to the verge of Jingoism. It does not require wealth or culture to love one's country; on the contrary, one has to be in rather an advanced and alarming stage of wealth and culture to avoid loving one's country. If there were any people in Paris during the siege who felt no glory or tragedy (which I very gravely doubt) they are much more likely to have been polished and ingenious politicians or Rationalist professors at the Sorbonne, than "small tradesmen" or men of the people. And it is exactly because this class has, in the modern world, been so strangely cut off from the collective sympathies and loyalties of the race that they can do nothing what-

ever for the cause of peace, with all their conferences and courts of arbitration, and donations and plutocratic pomposity. You cannot make men enthusiastic for the mere negative idea of peace; it is not an inspiring thing. You might make them enthusiastic for some positive bond or quality that bound them to others and made their enemies their friends. You may get Tommy to love Jimmy; you cannot get Tommy to love the mere fact that he is not quarrelling with Jimmy. So it would be far easier to make an Englishman love Germany than to make him love peace with Germany. Germany is a lovable thing; peace is not. Germany is a positive thing; one can like its beer, admire its music, love its children, with their charming elf-tales and elf-customs, appreciate the beaming ceremony of its manners, and even (with a brave effort), tolerate the sound of its language. But in the mere image of a still and weaponless Europe there is nothing that men will ever love, either as they can love another country or as they can love their own.



ENABLING THE KING TO SELECT A SITE FOR THE MEMORIAL STATUE OF KING EDWARD: MOVING A DUMMY FROM PLACE TO PLACE IN THE GREEN PARK.

To enable the King to compare the suitability of different sites for the proposed memorial statue of King Edward, an ingenious method was adopted. A flat wooden dummy representing an equestrian statue on a pedestal was placed on a wagon, and moved about from one point to another in the Green Park. The King watched the proceedings from a window of Buckingham Palace, and was thus able to form a good idea of the comparative advantages of various sites.

because Germany must be loved, not because France cannot be loved. And until the advocates of peace have understood and allowed for this affectional root of military energy, all their words will be wind and waste. A man loves a certain tree; and twenty men propose to cut down that tree. He may kill the twenty men, and that may be very tragic; but he does not hate the twenty men; he loves the tree. If one may love a tree one may love a forest; if a forest, one may love a valley; if a valley, a whole country or a whole character of civilisation. One may love it rightly, like Menelaus, or wrongly, like Paris. But it is always desire and not repugnance. Whatever beautiful affections or base appetites inspired the Boer War, it was not inspired by primary dislike or disgust. I do not suppose that there was one real case of Briton and Boer hating each other in the whole course of the affair. And the peace propagandist has got seriously to face the question of these

THE TRIAL OF TWO BRITISH OFFICERS ON A CHARGE OF SPYING IN GERMANY: AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION.

FACSIMILE SKETCH BY OTTO VON DER WEHL, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE TRIAL.

Judges.

Dr. Menge, the Presiding Judge.

Judges.

Dr. Zweigert, Prosecuting Counsel.



*Dr. Zweigert
Verhörer & Anklage
Reichsanwalt Richter*

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, DEC. 31, 1910.—1027

Lieutenant Brandon.

Captain Trench.

Dr. Otto.

Dr. von Gordon.

Interpreter.

Official Experts.

Dr. Anger, Examining Judge.

Marine Officers.

ACCUSED OF ATTEMPTING TO CONVEY TO THE BRITISH ADMIRALTY INFORMATION THE DISCLOSURE OF WHICH MIGHT INVOLVE DANGER TO GERMAN NATIONAL SECURITY:

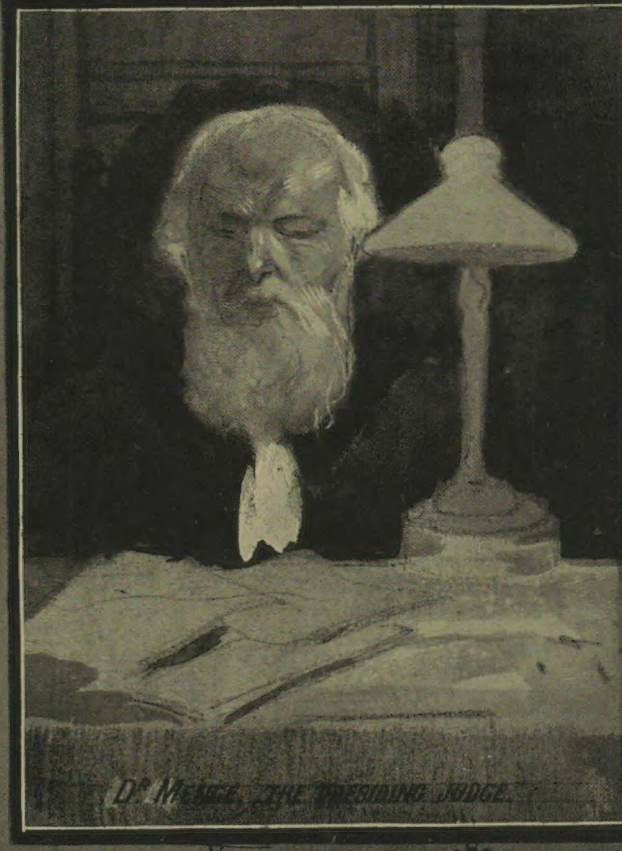
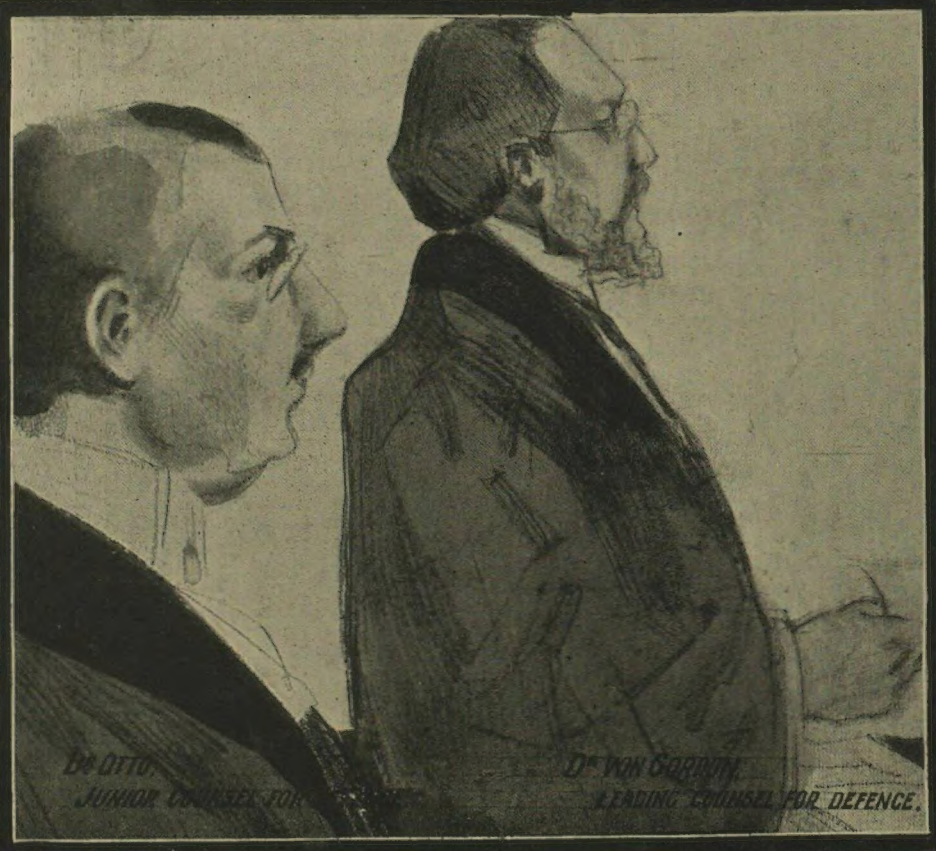
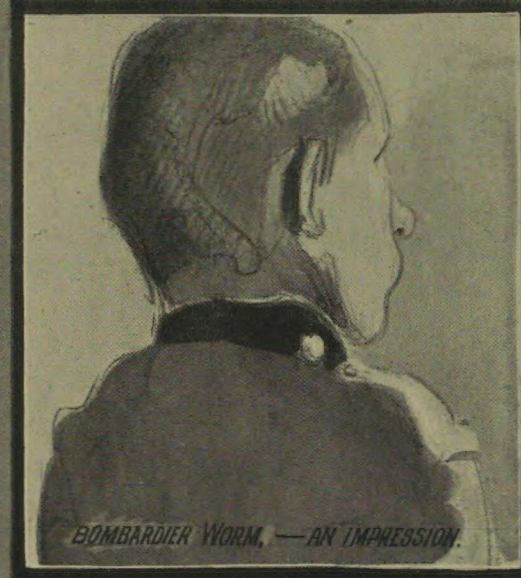
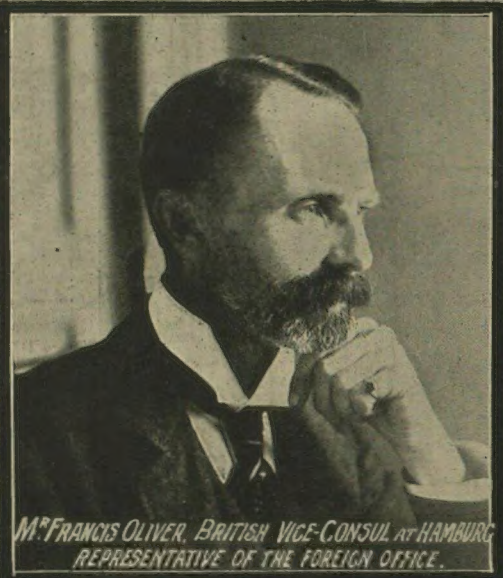
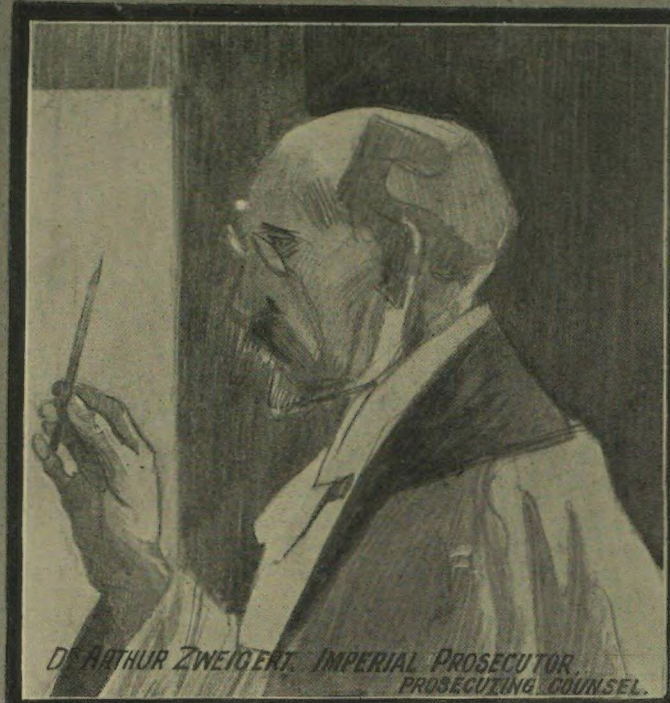
CAPTAIN TRENCH AND LIEUTENANT BRANDON BEFORE THE SUPREME COURT OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

On two other pages of this Issue, we give a very remarkable photograph taken during the hearing of the "British spy case" at Leipzig. We give here, by way of contrast, this most interesting sketch of the proceedings, which shows more of the court than does the photograph. There is no need for us to enter into details of the case; but we may note here that, at the moment of writing,

it is believed that Captain Trench and Lieutenant Brandon will not be detained in the same fortress, the authorities apparently thinking that their memories would be more likely to remain fresh if they were together. It is thought that Captain Trench will be taken to Glatz, in the Silesian Mountains, close to Bohemia; Lieutenant Brandon to Wesel, on the Rhine, not far from the Dutch frontier.

THE "BRITISH SPY TRIAL" IN GERMANY: SKETCHES IN COURT.

SKETCHES BY ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS IN COURT.



THE CASE THAT RESULTED IN THE SENTENCING OF CAPTAIN TRENCH AND LIEUTENANT BRANDON TO FOUR YEARS' DETENTION IN A FORTRESS IN GERMANY: PERSONALITIES OF THE PROCEEDINGS AT LEIPZIG.

Lieutenant Vivian Ronald Brandon, R.N., who is about twenty-eight years of age, entered the Navy as cadet in July 1896. Seven years ago he was appointed to a surveying-vessel, and three years later he was given a position in the Hydrographic Department of the Admiralty. Further surveying followed; then he became a Naval Assistant in the Hydrographic Department at the Admiralty, a post he still held in August last. Captain Bernard Frederic Trench, R.M.L.I., is thirty. He entered the Royal Marines in January 1899. Three years ago he qualified as interpreter in German. In June of this year he received permission to study the Danish language abroad on full pay. He is also an interpreter in French. Dr. Arthur Zweigert, who is the Imperial Prosecutor, led for the prosecution. Mr. Francis Oliver, who is British Vice-Consul at Hamburg, was present during a considerable portion of the trial as representative of the British Foreign Office, but was not allowed to remain in court during that part of the proceedings which was heard in camera.

HOLLAND AND THE SO-CALLED "OPEN DOOR TO INVASION FROM THE EAST."

DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON.



DUTCH DEFENCES AGAINST ATTACK FROM THE EAST, AND COAST DEFENCES, SHOWING THE AREAS THAT WOULD BE INUNDATED IN TIME OF WAR.

The question of the defences of Holland is very much to the front just now, and there are those who argue that it is curious that the Dutch should propose to spend nearly four million pounds on coast defences while giving nothing to the land defences on the east. These critics point out that thus Holland, while strengthening the fortifications of her coast, is apparently leaving an open door to invasion from the east. They argue further that the only Power which could benefit in time of war by the occupation of Holland is Germany; therefore, they ask, why do the Dutch Government seem to neglect the inundation line, which most certainly requires attention, and could be reached by German cavalry within fifteen hours? On this area to be inundated Holland would have to depend, if attacked from the east. It is evident, it is agreed, that Holland is not in danger of attack on the coast, but that, in the event of war, that coast might give Germany a valuable base for her fleet. Thus, to labour the point, they suggest that while there seems to be nothing to prevent Germany entering Holland, there is proposed a strengthening of defences that would be useful to Germany did that country seek to use Holland as a naval base.

THE SENTENCING OF TWO BRITISH OFFICERS TO FOUR YEARS' DETENTION IN A FORTRESS IN GERMANY

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



THE "SPY CASE" AT LEIPZIG: CAPTAIN BERNARD F. TRENCH, R.M.L.I., AND LIEUTENANT

VIVIAN R. BRANDON, R.N., ON TRIAL BEFORE THE SUPREME COURT OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

The two prisoners are seen on the left in separate "docks." Lieutenant Brandon, who, it will be noted, has grown a moustache since his imprisonment, is in the

standing and facing the judges, is the bombardier who arrested Lieutenant Brandon giving evidence. This remarkable photograph was taken in the great Hall of Justice of the Imperial Supreme Court at Leipzig during the trial of the two British officers charged with espionage in Germany. Both Captain Trench and Lieutenant Brandon were sentenced, after a two days' hearing, to four years' detention in a fortress, the Court having decided that they had attempted to convey to the British Admiralty information the disclosure of which involved danger to German national security. The sentence means, if it takes the lighter of its forms, which is presumed, that the two British officers will be given a room in a fortress, in which they will be

able to do what they like during the daytime, receive one another and other prisoners. Their evenings they must spend by themselves in their apartments. They will be allowed free movement within the walls of the fortifications, and once a week will be able to make an excursion to the nearest town, or in any other direction, so long as they travel on foot, and are in their quarters by the regulation time. Prisoners take their meals together. Apart from the fact that liberty is abridged, the officers will not, of course, be treated as criminals. It is noteworthy that even the German officers and officials connected with the case showed much friendly feeling and courtesy towards the prisoners.

ART & MUSIC &

THE DRAMA



THE "HON. CINDERELLA": MISS MARGERY MAUDE IN THE NAME-PART OF "OUR LITTLE CINDERELLA," AT THE PLAYHOUSE.



MICHAEL ANGELO & POPE JULIUS THE SECOND IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL.



Photo. Foulsham and Banfield.
THE PRESIDING GENIUS OF DRURY LANE: MR. ARTHUR COLLINS, WHO HAS JUST PRODUCED THE PANTOMIME, "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK."

MUSIC.

Covent Garden was given in the last nights. "Pelléas and Melisande" has made more enemies than friends in London down to the present, but, if we are not very much mistaken, the performance directed so ably by Mr. Percy Pitt will give the opera a new lease of life. The work was given in the spirit of Maeterlinck's prose and Debussy's music, and nearly all the principals entered into the feeling of the interpretation. Some rumour of a fine performance would seem to have reached music-lovers: on the night of the revival the house was crowded, and the audience included many supporters of the Grand Season, who were abundantly justified of their faith. Though the opera has been heard to greatest advantage at the Opéra Comique in Paris, it was no less effective here.

It was in Paris that Miss Maggie Teyte achieved her first great artistic success as *Mélisande*, and if she had never done anything else, the young singer would claim a place in the ranks of operatic artists who count. She is *Mélisande*—there

can be no higher praise than this; there was no moment of failure either as singer or actress, no point in the long and difficult performance at which the full sympathy and admiration of the house was not held. The Golaud of M. Bourbon is not new to London, but it seemed, if possible, to have gained in force and expression since we saw it in the summer. If Mr. Murray Davey could not make us forget Signor Marcoux in the rôle of Arkel, this is hardly to be wondered at, for Marcoux has never done anything quite as good in his brief but brilliant career. Only the *Pelléas* of M. Petit, whose tenor voice, if we are not mistaken, is a converted baritone, was a little out of

representative of American music will positively appear next week at the Queen's Hall, and will give two concerts daily for a week. The latest expression of this great man's versatility takes the form of a book entitled "Through the Year with Sousa." It consists of "Excerpts" from the operas,



Photo. Topical.

PUCCINI'S "THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST": MME. EMMY DESTINN AS MINNIE, THE GIRL.

marches, miscellaneous compositions, letters, novels, magazine articles, songs, sayings, and rhymes of this universal genius. The book is marked on the cover with the golden device of our little world, through which the magic name spreads from west to east. The cover is blue and the edges of the leaves are yellow. Opening it at random, we came upon one set of verses. Here is a sample of the "pome"—

"I'm yours for aye," the maiden cried—
"I'm ready to marry, to be your bride.
Only plunk again on your light guitar
That typical tune of Zanzibar."

After this, we closed the book reverently.

ART NOTES.

THE liberation of the pent-up treasures of the scrap-book has come at last. By a scheme called the Standardisation of Frames and Mounts, Mr. Rider relieves the overcrowding that baulks every man's enjoyment of his prints. Cleanly cut from out the carelessly proportioned margins of the papers or magazines, and mounted, according to the authoritative directions of Mr. Haldane Macfall (who is the Salting or Staats Forbes of his own branch of collection), the untidy and random accumulations of years are made precious, and, what is more, accessible. Anything from a Beardsley bookplate to a full-page Steinlen from *Gil Blas*, a Forain from the *Figaro*, a Pennell from some far-back *Chronicle*, a Greiffenhagen from a woman's paper—I forget which—of the eighteen-nineties, or a Maxfield Parrish from America—these, from the smallest to the largest of modern illustrations, can be pasted on one or other of the three standardised mounts that fit the standardised frames of narrow black. And the title is the only clumsy feature of the scheme: for every frame you have twelve mounts, or more, and these can in rotation take their turn on your wall, without the undoing of a single tack—or finger-nail.

For most purposes the pure-white mount is best. Sometimes a Steinlen sheet is weakened by the extension of a colour used liberally by the illustrator in his composition, and in such cases a brown or tinted card makes the better background. The slight yellowness of most pages torn from the cheaper papers acquires a value of its own on a Rider mount. The same mount is well ridden, too, by woodcuts slipped—to use Mr. Haldane Macfall's persuasive and gentle word—from "Once a Week," from the illustrated "Tennyson," or from some other book of the 'sixties.' Rossetti's wonder-



"OUR LITTLE CINDERELLA," AT THE PLAYHOUSE: MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS LORD PUNTERFIELD.



Photo. Foulsham and Banfield.

"JACK AND THE BEANSTALK," AT DRURY LANE: MR. GEORGE GRAVES AS MRS. HALLYBUT.

the picture: his singing was not ineffective, but his emotions were those of conventional opera; he was never on the same plane as *Mélisande*, Golaud, and Arkel. At the same time we must remember, in fairness, that the artist who would do justice to the rôle of *Pelléas* must lay aside most of the conventions of his ordinary work, he must refrain from emphasis, he must suggest rather than express a part at least of his emotions. M. Petit could not, or, at least, did not, do this. As we grow more intimate with Claude Debussy's score, the delight in its beauty increases; the claims of this great master of impressionism to be regarded as one of the greatest—we had almost written "the greatest"—of modern composers become more and more clear. The applause that followed last week's significant performance was the more grateful because it suggests that one of the most notable works of our time is beginning at last to conquer the town. Mr. Beecham has made many claims upon our gratitude, but for this splendid performance some of us are more deeply indebted to him than we have ever been.

Turning from the sublime to John Philip Sousa, it should be noted that the energetic



Signor Caruso as Johnson. Mme. Emmy Destinn as Minnie.

PUCCINI'S NEW OPERA: SIGNOR CARUSO AND MME. EMMY DESTINN IN THE MOST DRAMATIC SCENE OF "THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST."

"The Girl of the Golden West" was produced in New York the other day, to the great interest of a large audience. Signor Caruso was the Dick Johnson, a road agent; Mme. Emmy Destinn, Minnie, the Girl of the title. The most dramatic moment of the opera is here illustrated, the point at which Minnie saves Johnson from being lynched.—[Photo. Topical.]

ful cuts for "The Palace of Art" or "Sir Galahad" fit the smallest card most finely. Often a black rule is enough to draw the right distinction between mount and print. Such is the case with Daumier's lithographs, torn from *Le Journal Amusant* or *Le Petit Journal pour Rire*—torn, we say, because in this case the action needs no gloss: these papers may still be picked up for next to nothing on the bookstalls.

Even more delightful than the possession of the things that are priceless because they cost much is the possession of things that are priceless because they cost nothing. To be penny-wise in the matter of prints is a greater luxury than to be rich.

The lover of the coloured etching and of a pretty and sprightly use of the needle will probably find satisfaction in the "Portraits and Impressions" of Miss Phil Morris at the Modern Gallery, 61, New Bond Street. Miss Morris's learning in ribbons, in "the tempestuous petticoat," in the liquefaction of her ladies' silks, is profound. In such matters she may possess natural advantages that even Helleu should envy her. The best of her paintings is, perhaps, the portrait of the Countess of Drogheda. E. M.

DETMOLD ILLUSTRATIONS TO KIPLING'S "THE SECOND JUNGLE BOOK."

DRAWN BY EDWARD J. DETMOLD.



VI.—"QUIQUERN."—"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE TEN-LEGGED WHITE SPIRIT-BEAR HIMSELF."

"The girl looked where Kotuko pointed, and something seemed to slip into a ravine. . . . It might have been the Ten-legged White Spirit-Bear himself, or it might have been anything. . . . Behind her shoulder, crawling into the hut crawl by crawl, there were two heads, one yellow and one black. . . . Kotuko the dog was one, and the black leader was the other. Both were . . . coupled to each other in an extraordinary fashion. When the black leader ran off, you remember, his harness was still on him. He must have met Kotuko the dog, and played or fought with him, for his shoulder-loop had caught in the plaited copper wire of Kotuko's collar, and had drawn tight, so that neither could get at the trace to gnaw it apart. . . . The girl . . . cried, 'That is Quiquern, who led us to safe ground. Look at his eight legs and double head!'"

THE ONLY ILLUSTRATIONS OF A RECEPTION AT THE TURKISH COURT.

FROM THE DRAWINGS BY FRITZ KOCH-GOTHA.



1. IN VERY CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE: A SERVANT AT THE SULTAN'S PALACE.

2. RECOGNITION OF RANK: COACHMEN OF THE SULTAN KISSING THE HEM OF A PASHA'S COAT.

3. ONE OF THE SULTAN'S MOST VALUED OFFICIALS: H.E. THE CHIEF EUNUCH.

4. LEAVING THE SULTAN'S PRESENCE: THE SHEIK UL-ISLAM, THE HIGHEST PERSONAGE IN THE MOHAMMEDAN FAITH, BACKING OUT, WITH THE AID OF A PASHA.

5. REFRESHMENTS FOR THE DIPLOMATS AND OTHERS: CHAMPAGNE, "WHICH IS NO WINO," IN EVIDENCE.

The Drawings which appear on this page and the next are of exceptional importance, as they are the first ever published of a reception at the Turkish Court. It is interesting to note, by the way, that the Chief of the Guard of Eunuchs has the same rank as the Grand Vizier, but takes precedence of him at State ceremonies; and that champagne is not regarded as a wine on such official occasions as that illustrated, with the result that it may be drunk by even the most devout Mohammedans.

POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE HERALDED BY A LESSON IN HUMILITY.

A RECEPTION AT THE TURKISH COURT—ILLUSTRATED FOR THE FIRST TIME.



1. A LESSON IN HUMILITY FOR THE SULTAN: MEMBERS OF HIS MAJESTY'S BODYGUARD SINGING AT HIS DOOR, "MY SULTAN, BE NOT PROUD; GREATER THAN THOU ART IS ALLAH."

2. THE FIRST PICTURE EVER PUBLISHED OF A RECEPTION BY THE SULTAN OF TURKEY: HIS MAJESTY MOHAMMED V. RECEIVES AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

It is more than a little curious that the pomp and circumstance attending the Sultan's receptions should be preceded by a lesson in humility for that potentate, members of whose bodyguard sing outside his door: "My Sultan, be not proud; greater than thou art is Allah."—[FROM THE DRAWINGS BY FRITZ KOCH-GOTHA.]

LITERATURE

ANNA COMENA DICTATING
THE ILLIAD TO HER
AMANUESSIS.

Pacific Ocean Islanders. The natives of the East and West

Pacific have figured largely in volumes of travel during the past few years, but nowhere have they been treated more exhaustively than in Dr. George Brown's remarkable book, "Melanesians and Polynesians" (Macmillan). Few writers can claim either the author's experience or capacity, for his acquaintance with these Pacific Ocean Islanders extends over forty-eight years. Fourteen were spent in Samoa, five in the Bismarck Archipelago, and, in addition, the author has visited Tonga, Fiji, New Hebrides, New Guinea, and other regions too numerous to set down here. Dr. Brown is master of the Samoan, Tongan, Fijian, and New Britain languages, and with this considerable equipment has been able to add a great deal to the sum of our firsthand knowledge. His book, with its admirable illustrations, becomes a work of reference, valuable to the mere holiday maker, the reader of travel stories, the ethnologist, and the student of folk-lore. Perhaps the arrangement is not all it might be: the contrast between Polynesian groups and Melanesians is apt at times to become a little confusing. Though the description and comparison of their

MR. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE,
Whose new Book, "October
Vagabonds," has been Published by
Mr. John Lane.

Photograph by Fleet Agency.

MR. EDGAR JEPSON,
Whose new Novel, "The Girl's
Head," has been Published by
Messrs. Greening.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppe.

Polynesian substratum of population commonly assumed in that region is a fiction." Our author points out that while pottery is not made by the Polynesians, it is not

elsewhere. This and other controversial points have their special value for those whose study of the East India Islands has been wide and deep; but it must not be supposed that the interest of this book is founded upon controversial points. It is the record of close and painstaking observation, the revelation of strange and interesting ceremonial life, the intimate account of tribal customs, the tale of home life, child life, religion, witchcraft, morals and tabu, that will make this study and comparison of Melanesians and Polynesians one of the most interesting travel-books of the year to the general reader. It is the more valuable because none but a man who has given the best part of a long life to the country could write such a work, and these men are few and far between. If only the right to publish travel-books could be limited to those who have lived for some considerable time in the countries they describe—but this were too much to ask.

"One Hundred Masterpieces of Painting." Like all anthologists, Mr. R. C. Witt, in the introduction to "One Hundred Masterpieces of Painting" (Methuen), makes his excuses. But since



MELANESIAN SPORTS: HIGH DIVING AT RUVIANA,
IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.

"The games which both boys and girls played were, very many of them, like our own, together with some others peculiar to them. The boys often built houses on the beach, or away out on the shallow waters of the lagoon, and got far more pleasure from living and sleeping in them than they did in their own homes. Sham fights, in which reed spears were used in place of the more dangerous ones used in actual warfare, were very popular, and in these fights they acquired a skill in throwing which was very useful to them in after-life. Contests with sling and stone, canoe races, fishing, boating, and bathing parties were often carried on in the day, and at night there were songs and dancing."

"MELANESIANS AND POLYNESIANS."

Illustrations Reproduced from the Rev.
Dr. George Brown's new Book, by Courtesy
of the Publishers, Messrs. Macmillan.



WHERE ONE OF TWINS
IS ALWAYS KILLED:
AN IMAGE OF A WOMAN AND CHILD IN THE SOLOMON
ISLANDS.

The judgment of the Solomon Islands, in a case of twins, is to doom one to death. "In the Shortlands Group (Solomon Islands)" writes Dr. Brown, "when twins were born one was always killed." The above wooden image of a woman with her baby is at Ruviana. It shows a high degree of native sculptural art.

life-histories is the avowed object of the book, it might have been made in fashion easier to follow. The absence of a good map is another matter for regret. But these are small blemishes when we consider the amount of labour that has gone to the making of the volume, the results achieved, and the new lights that have been thrown upon tribal custom. Dr. Brown considers that both Melanesians and Polynesians are descended from a common stock, of which the Melanesian is the oldest representative. Immigration from India has affected outlying groups, though he rightly recognises that many of the customs existing in the Dutch East India Islands to-day are common to many primitive races. Exogamy, still the rule in Melanesia, may still be traced in Samoa. Dr. George Brown cannot agree with Professor J. Macmillan Brown, who has declared that "the absence of the bow and pottery from Polynesia makes it quite certain that the Melanesian and

made by all the Melanesians, and that large numbers are absolutely ignorant of it. He confirms this statement by his own observations in New Britain, New Ireland, and



WHERE NEW-BORN
BABES ARE PRESENTED TO
THE MOON: A WOMAN OF KIRIWINA WITH THE COVER-
ING WORN AFTER CHILDBIRTH.

"After a woman is confined the house is hung round with leaves, and no man is allowed to enter it. If he does, they say he will be struck blind. . . . In Kiriwina (South-Eastern New Guinea) a mother always lifts up or presents her child to the first full moon after its birth."

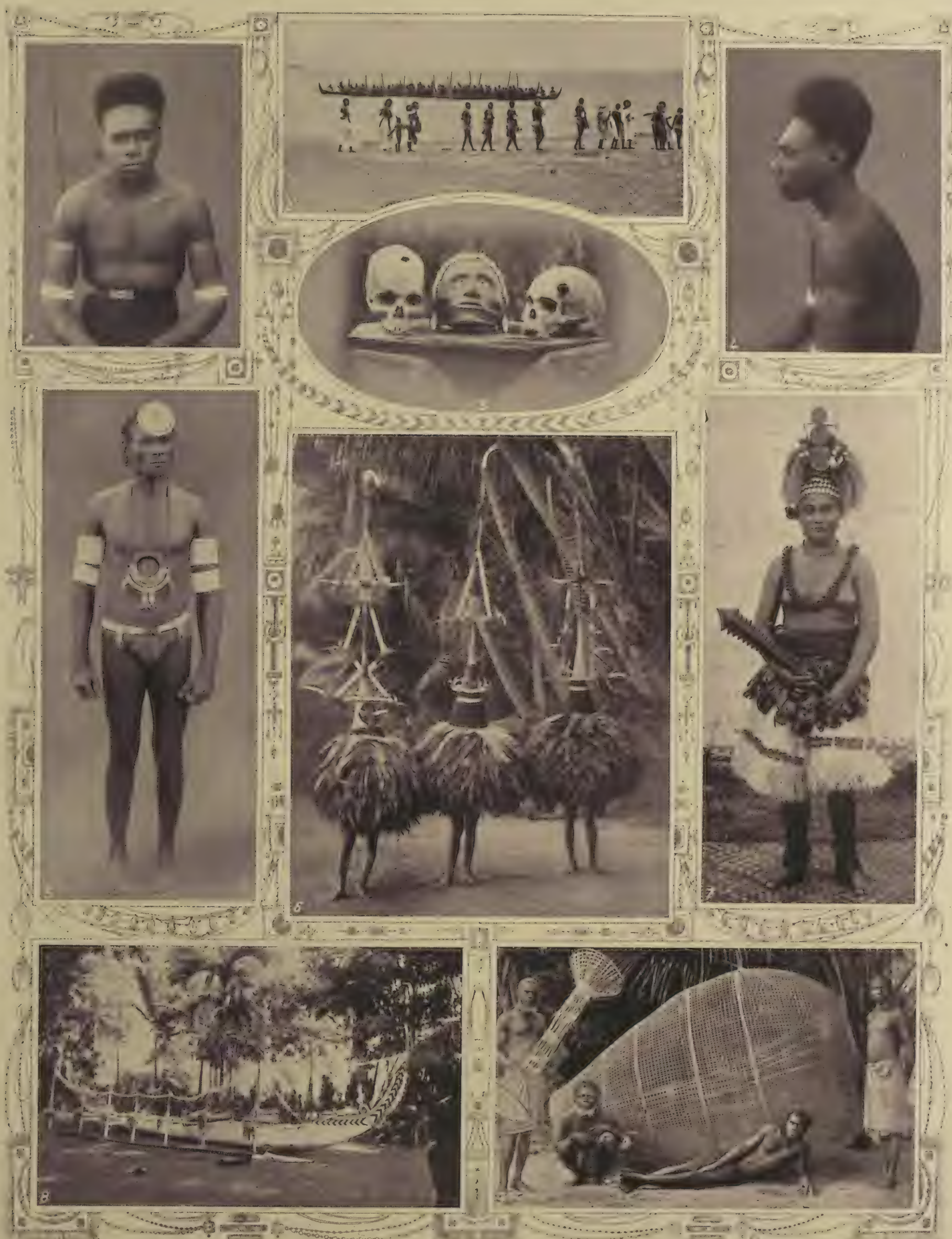
his selection is formed along the lines of least resistance, and serves neither personal tastes nor historical order, it is difficult either to excuse or defend it. The strongest conviction to be gleaned from it would seem to be the view that his public has little or no desire for the earlier ranges of Italian art. Here are three examples of Van Dyck, three of Rubens, five of Titian, and a Furze! But no Duccio, no Giotto! Why not have borrowed Pietro di Cosimo and Uccello from the National Gallery instead of duplications of Dutch dullness from Holland? We do not seek to pit our painters against Mr. Witt's, but we mention these omissions because we think they constitute the compiler's only error in calculating the public taste. The introduction is chiefly remarkable for the ingenuity with which it is packed with the names and painters. The notices that face the illustrations would have been strengthened by more quotation from outside sources.



A NEW ORCHESTRAL INSTRUMENT FOR DR. STRAUSS: A PECULIAR "DRUM" FROM NEW IRELAND.

"I have lately received from New Ireland," writes Dr. Brown, "a form of drum which was quite new to me. It is made from a block of wood, and is twenty-one inches in length. . . . Each aperture has a narrow slit on the top part of the drum. The music is caused by passing the hand rapidly over the upper part of the drum across the slits."

MOST STRANGE TO THE EUROPEAN: PEOPLE OF THE PACIFIC.



1. WITH THE SIDES OF THE HEAD FLATTENED BY PRESSURE WHEN YOUNG: A NATIVE OF THE SOUTH END OF NEW BRITAIN.
2. GIFTS FOR THE WARRIORS: WOMEN WITH PRESENTS MEETING WAR-CANOES AFTER A RAID, AT RUVIANA.
3. THE SURGERY OF PRIMITIVE MEN: TWO SKULLS SHOWING TREPHINING, NEW BRITAIN. IN THE CENTRE, A PLASTERED AND INLAID SKULL FROM RUVIANA.

4. WITH THE SIDES OF THE HEAD FLATTENED BY PRESSURE WHEN YOUNG: A NATIVE OF THE SOUTH END OF NEW BRITAIN.
5. WEARING CURIOUS ORNAMENTS OF GREAT VALUE: GUMI, A CHIEF OF RUVIANA.
6. MEMBERS OF A SECRET SOCIETY OF NEW BRITAIN: DUKDUKS IN THEIR STRANGE DRESSES.

7. ARMED FOR THE "FRAY": A SAMOAN GIRL READY FOR A CLUB-DANCE.
8. A CRAFT, DURING THE BUILDING OF WHICH SILENCE HAD TO BE OBSERVED: A SACRED CANOE (THE PIDIK), DUKE OF YORK ISLAND, NEW BRITAIN.
9. A PRIMITIVE, BUT MOST EFFECTIVE, DEVICE: A GREAT FISH-TRAP—INGENIOUSLY CONSTRUCTED IN NEW BRITAIN.

With regard to the photographs of the trephined skulls, we take the following facts from Dr. George Brown's "Melanesians and Polynesians": "The cause of fracture of the skull is generally a blow from a sling-stone. . . . When a man is hit, the services of the Tena-Papait, or wizard, are requisitioned . . . with a chip of obsidian, or a sharpened shell, or a flake of quartz, or even a chip from the thick part of a green-glass beer-bottle, he will cut and scrape the bone . . . the patient . . . in a very few weeks is going about again. . . . The work done on parts of New Ireland is still more wonderful. . . . I have in my possession a New Ireland skull that has been trephined successfully no less than eight times." It should be noted that, for convenience, Dr. Brown uses the old names of certain parts, in preference to the new, "New Britain Archipelago," for instance, is now "Bismarck Archipelago," having become a German Protectorate in 1884. Its chief island, once New Britain, is now Neu Pommern; New Ireland is now Neu Mecklenburg, and so on.

Reproduced from Dr. George Brown's "Melanesians and Polynesians," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Macmillan. (See Review on "Literature" Page.)

THE LUCKY THOUSAND: SANTA CLAUS AND HIS MORE FAVOURED FOLLOWERS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MAX COWPER.



SOCIETY'S SUBSTITUTE FOR OLD-TIME METHODS: THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS EVE FÊTE AT THE SAVOY.

Year by year it becomes more and more the fashion to celebrate Christmas in a great hotel—a fact which gives little cause for wonderment, for the arrangements made for the festive season in these great palaces for Society are as complete as they are dainty and ingenious. The children's Christmas Eve fête at the Savoy is an excellent illustration of the modern method. Some thousand children took part in the charming entertainment, and undoubtedly enjoyed it to

the full, for few of them could restrain sighs of regret when the time for home-going arrived. After tea in the restaurant there was a performance of Punch and Judy; next came a dance, in the new ball-room, which finished at six o'clock. Then followed, perhaps, the most popular item of all, the distribution of toys in the foyer, the particular point chosen for illustration by our Artist. The whole affair was voted a great success by grown-ups as well as youngsters

A KINGDOM RIVALLING A REPUBLIC: NORWAY, THE WINTER-SPORT RESORT.



1. IN THE HEART OF WHAT SEEMS CERTAIN TO BE A GREAT WINTER-SPORT RESORT: THE HARDANGER GLACIER, NORWAY.

2. WINTER SPORT IN NORWAY: A SKI-ER FINDS "GROUND" TO INTEREST HIM ON THE HARDANGER GLACIER.

3. THROWING UP A CLOUD OF GLITTERING FLAKES: A ROTARY SNOW-PLOUGH AT WORK ON THE RAILWAY.

Particular interest is being taken just now in Norway as a winter-sport resort, and it is pointed out that the country is an ideal one for those favouring the pastimes that call for snow and ice. It is developing especially in this direction by reason of the opening of the new Bergen-to-Christiania railway, Bergen being reached by the short sea route from Newcastle. The railway reaches an altitude of 4300 feet, is 360 miles long, and brings within fairly easy reach a number of attractive places. Evidently Switzerland the Republic is to have a serious rival in Norway the Kingdom

THE CAPTURE OF LIVE OKAPIS: SPECIMENS OF THE BEASTS.



AN ANIMAL EXPLORERS HAVE WILLINGLY RISKED THEIR LIVES TO OBTAIN: THE OKAPI AND ITS NATIVE WILDS.

The news has come, through Sir Harry Johnston, that a collector sent out by the Natural History Museum at New York has succeeded in capturing alive a male Okapi, a female, and a calf and that the animals are on their way across the Congo Basin for shipment to America. The Okapi, it will be recalled, is as rare as it is strange. That we may recall its appearance to our readers we reprint this illustration from our Issue of August 3, 1907; and we repeat the description then given: "The Okapi, which is akin to the zebra and the horse, has been seen by three travellers in Central Africa: Sir Harry Johnston saw it in Uganda, and Major Powell-Cotton and Lieut. Boyd Alexander succeeded in bringing home specimens. A fine specimen has just been set up by Mr. Rowland Ward, of Piccadilly, and the great taxidermist has allowed us to reproduce this picture. The photograph of the Okapi's drinking-place were taken by Major Powell-Cotton. Major Marchand described an animal believed to be the Okapi, and he was probably the first to see it. The picture, it should be understood, is composed from Major Powell-Cotton's photographs of the Okapi's haunts, and Mr. Rowland Ward's portrait of the specimen." In the following month we published the first photograph of a living Okapi—a calf about a month old. Of this, Sir Ray Lankester wrote at the time in our columns: "That interesting creature, the Okapi . . . had never been observed and studied by a white man in its living state until five months ago—when a young calf Okapi, about a month old, was obtained by Signor Ribotti at Bambilli, on the Evelle River."

THE UNKNOWN FAIRYLAND AND THE KNOWN:

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

"JACK AND THE BEANSTALK'S" FAMOUS HOME.

ARTIST, HAROLD OAKLEY.

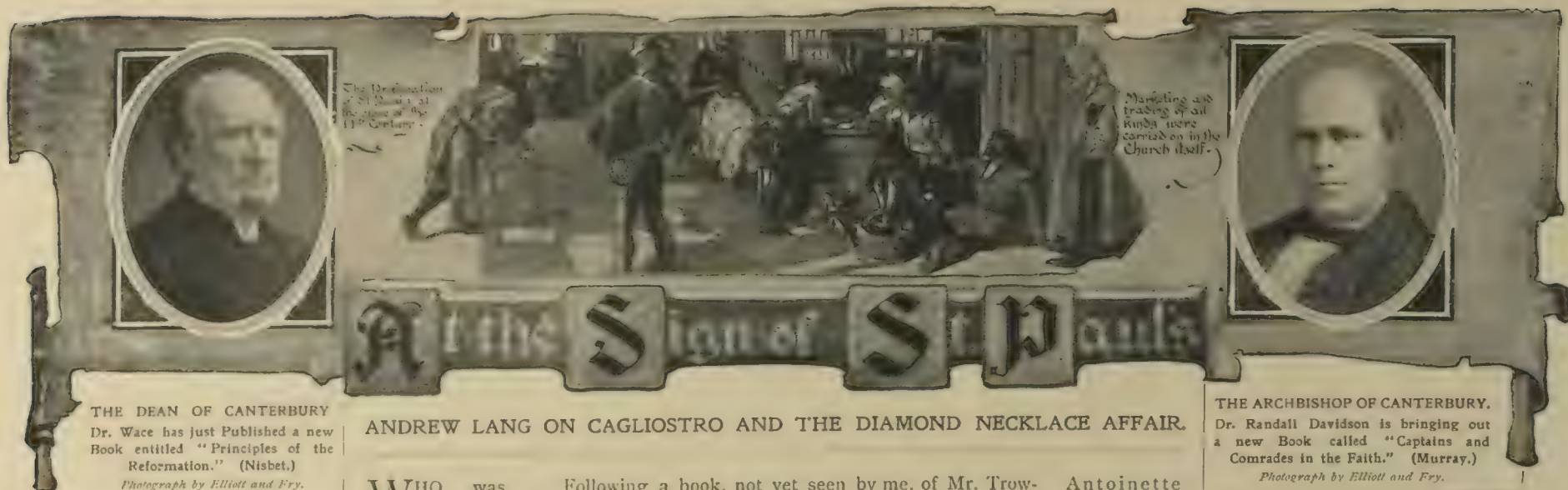


THAT WHICH GOES TO THE MAKING OF A GREAT

Few of those who visit Drury Lane Theatre, whether it be for drama or, as at the present season, for pantomime, realise what a hive of industry and ingenuity such a place is, the enormous number of details that have to be considered, the great organising powers that are called into play. Few imagine, further, that behind the curtain there is at least as much space as there is before it, and that though that space is obviously large, every corner of it is a scene of much work. Our drawing

PLAYHOUSE: DRURY LANE THEATRE—A SECTION.

should prove our point; and it should be said, by the way, that Drury Lane is nothing if not up-to-date. Everything that can be done to facilitate speedy change of scenes, and so forth, is done; a very necessary thing when it is recalled that in "Jack and the Beanstalk," for instance, there are, including the harlequinade, seventeen scenes. For the details from which this sectional drawing was made we are indebted to Mr. P. E. Pilditch, the well-known architect, and Mr. Ernest D'Auban, the stage-manager.



THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY
Dr. Wace has just Published a new
Book entitled "Principles of the
Reformation." (Nisbet.)
Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

ANDREW LANG ON CAGLIOSTRO AND THE DIAMOND NECKLACE AFFAIR.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
Dr. Randall Davidson is bringing out
a new Book called "Captains and
Comrades in the Faith." (Murray.)
Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

tro? I have always held with Carlyle, Alexandre Dumas, and other historians, that he was an Italian swindler named Joseph Balsamo. Among Cagliostro's personal charms, says Carlyle, were "a fat snub abominable face, dew-lapped, flat-nosed, greasy . . . the most perfect quack face produced by the eighteenth century."

The editor of the *Occult Review*, however, says that Carlyle, when irritated, would say anything, and denied that Cardinal Newman "possessed the intellect of a moderate-sized rabbit." I thought that Carlyle bestowed the compliment on the Rev. Mr. Keble.

However, we have a copy of Bartolozzi's engraving of Cagliostro. Bartolozzi "turned all to favour and to

WHO was

Following a book, not yet seen by me, of Mr. Trowbridge, the reviewer indicates his opinion that Cagliostro was not Balsamo, but one of those mysterious great beings, like Saint-Germain, rolling in diamonds, who puzzled society from 1745 to the French Revolution. Who Saint-Germain was, nobody knew but Louis XV., who received him frequently. In 1745 Saint-Germain was arrested in London as a Jacobite spy, but nobody could find out who he was, and the French police, after a search of two years, were baffled. But if Cagliostro were Joseph Balsamo there is no mystery about him: if he was not, there is plenty. The account he gave of himself when examined in the affair of the Diamond Necklace, fatal to Marie Antoinette, was absurd. His earliest memories were of Arabia, where he had four attendants: the chief was named Althotas. According to Althotas, Cagliostro's parents were Christians of noble rank, who left him an orphan when he was three months old. He went to Mecca, where the Cherif wept over him, and said, "Nature's unfortunate child, adieu!" This is a very French Cherif! Cagliostro travelled about, and, at Malta, in 1766, met Althotas arrayed as a member of the Order of Malta. In that island Cagliostro put on European dress and assumed the title of Comte de Cagliostro. By a strange coincidence Joseph Balsamo "is said to have had an uncle named Cagliostro." If he had, I venture to hold that Cagliostro is Balsamo.

In 1776, in London, Cagliostro met a Mr. O'Reilly, of Irish birth, who was a Freemason. Freemasonry, I think, is a child of the eighteenth century; at least it then came into fashion. Bonny Prince Charlie founded a Masonic Lodge at Arras, of which the father of Robespierre was a member, so I have heard. Cagliostro left London and went about founding Egyptian Lodges of Freemasons! That stamps him, for he was made a Mason at the King's Head Tavern, Gerard Street, London, which is not part of the mystic land of Egypt! As the coin of the neophytes was "poured into the coffers of the headquarters of Egyptian Freemasonry," and as there was no such thing as Egyptian Masonry—it was only Cagliostro's invention—I take it that he kept the money of his dupes.

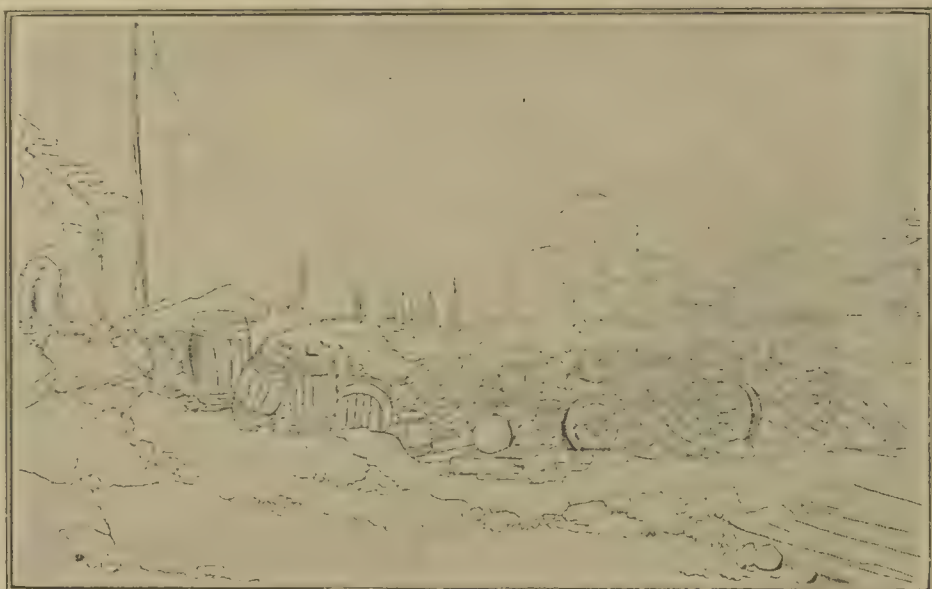
He worked miraculous cures, of course, and is said to have refused fees, like D. D. Home, the medium; but doubtless he took other valuables, if not cash payments.

Cardinal de Rohan, that too credulous sportsman, was Cagliostro's dupe for years; and "I have it down in my notes" that Cagliostro used to employ, as a crystal-gazer, a niece of the husband of Jeanne de la Motte, who averred that Marie Antoinette was relenting towards the Cardinal. But M. Funck Brentano makes it clear, in his book on the Diamond Necklace swindle, that Cagliostro did not know the secret of that ingenious conspiracy.

On the other hand, when Rohan showed to Cagliostro a forged document, purporting to be written by the Queen, the Egyptian sage and child of nature said, "The Queen could not sign herself Marie

Antoinette de France."

Rohan, a noble of a great house, ought to have known how her Majesty signed. He compared the forgery with authentic letters of hers (not to himself). No; she did not sign "Marie Antoinette de France."



NAPOLEON'S FIRST IMPORTANT COMMAND: THE BATTERIE DES SANS-CULOTTES,
LAID BY HIM AT THE SIEGE OF TOULON, IN 1793.
FROM THE CONTEMPORARY DRAWING BY GRANET.

Napoleon took part, as an artillery officer, in the siege of Toulon in 1793, his first important command. "... The 'dispositions' of Napoleon were the laying of another battery near the first. Saliceti wrote to the Comité, '... he [Napoleon] established a new battery at Bregailon (Sans-culottes) just under the chapel, on the shore, to clear away altogether the ships from this part of the harbour.' After Toulon fell, Napoleon was made a General. The illustrations on this page are reproduced from "The Growth of Napoleon, a Study in Environment," by Norwood Young—by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. John Murray. (See Review on Another Page.)

Then came the trial of Rohan and of Cagliostro for stealing the necklace. Both were acquitted—and, in fact, neither had touched the necklace. All the shame



THE EARLIEST PORTRAIT OF NAPOLEON: A DRAWING
DONE BY A CORSICAN FRIEND WHEN THE FUTURE
EMPEROR WAS SIXTEEN.

"Napoleon had a Corsican friend, Pontornini, who lived at Tournon, near Valence, to whom he paid a visit. Pontornini drew his portrait, and the drawing has been fortunately preserved. It is the earliest portrait of Napoleon. On it is written: 'Mio caro amico—Buonaparte—Pontornini del 1785—Tournon.' ... There is a decided resemblance, in flatness of visage, in the serious air, to the caricature already noticed" (i.e., the one reproduced on this page).

prettiness." His Cagliostro is raising his fine eyes to heaven, but is heavily "dew-lapped" for all that, has a tremendous double chin, and is probably greasy.



THE MOST FAMOUS SALOTTO IN CORSICA: THE PARLOUR IN WHICH NAPOLEON
WAS BORN AT AJACCIO.

"Napoleon was not born in the room which has always been, and still is, pointed out as his birth-place. . . . Letizia [Bonaparte, his mother,] had gone to mass at the cathedral [of Ajaccio]. . . . Hastening home . . . she was just able to reach her house. . . . Pilgrimages are now made to her bedroom, where a sofa has been placed, which serves the purpose of a shrine, on which offerings of flowers are laid. But it was in the salotto—the parlour—that Napoleon was born."



THE EARLIEST CARICATURE OF NAPOLEON: A SKETCH
BY A COMRADE AT THE MILITARY COLLEGE, PARIS, 1784-5.
"Underneath is written: 'Bonaparte cours vole au secours de Paoli pour le tirer des mains de ses ennemis.' ... Napoleon was to his school-fellows the Corsican who was perpetually referring to his hero, Paoli. No doubt this attitude was forced upon him by the jeers of his companions, who crowed over him, treating him as one of a conquered race."

fell on the poor Queen, accused of robbing herself, like Conkey in "Oliver Twist."

Cagliostro went to London, and the story of the *Occult Review* is that the French Court and Queen got a blackmailing journalist to identify Cagliostro, Egyptian sage and unfortunate child of nature, with the swindler Balsamo. I think the pair had the same uncle: were they cousins? Cagliostro died in jail in Rome.

THE MOST TERRIBLE COLLIERY DISASTER IN ENGLAND SINCE THAT OF 1866: THE TERRIFIC EXPLOSION AT THE PRETORIA PIT AT ATHERTON, NEAR BOLTON.



THE HOPELESS DAWN: ALL-NIGHT WATCHERS AT THE COLLIERY ON THE EARLY MORNING OF THE DAY AFTER THE DISASTER.



THE COLLIERY DISASTER WHICH HAS COST THE LIVES OF OVER 300 MEN: DAMAGE DONE AT THE PIT-HEAD
BY THE GREAT EXPLOSION.

Christmas week has once more, as in too many other years, been clouded by a great calamity: this time by the most terrible colliery disaster that has happened in this country since that of 1866. It took place at the Pretoria Pit, near Bolton, Lancashire, the property of the Hulton Colliery, on the morning of Wednesday, December 21. The pit is in three levels, and the explosion occurred in the highest, the Yard Mine, where about 320 men and boys were engaged. From the very first practically no hope was held out that any of them would be found alive, and the latest news at the time of writing only confirms the first feeling of blank despair. By the Thursday 150 bodies had been discovered. The Chief Mine Inspector said, "There is no hope—absolutely none—of finding anyone in the pit alive." We should like to note that, owing to the Christmas holidays, a portion of this Issue of the paper, which includes this page, had to go to press earlier than is customary. It is to be devoutly hoped that, by the time the Number is published, there may be some mitigation of this sad news.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.

LIKE A FINE AUGUST DAY IN ENGLAND: CHRISTMAS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRATT.



1. SUNNY DECEMBER: MIXED BATHING AT CHRISTMAS TIME AT HUMEWOOD, NEAR PORT ELIZABETH

2. A SUMMER SCENE IN DECEMBER: CROWDS ON THE SANDS AT HUMEWOOD DURING CHRISTMAS TIME.

The dweller in South Africa is to be envied by those who do not like the British winter, with its snow, rain, and fog, and general dreariness; for at Christmas time the sun favours him: hence such scenes as those illustrated.

THE KING'S REPRESENTATIVE: THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERNEST BROOKS.



1. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT TAKING PART IN A MASONIC CEREMONY AT PRETORIA: H.R.H., GRAND MASTER OF THE UNITED GRAND LODGE OF FREEMASONS, MARCHING IN PROCESSION TO LAY THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF A NEW CHURCH.
2. THE ROYAL MASON IN SOUTH AFRICA: THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, IN HIS CAPACITY AS GRAND MASTER, MARCHING BEFORE THE BANNER OF THE BULUWAYO LODGE TO LAY THE FOUNDATION-STONE.
3. REPRESENTATIVES OF THE BRITISH ARMY IN SOUTH AFRICA: ARTILLERY GALLOPING PAST AT THE PRETORIA REVIEW.
4. THE KING'S UNCLE AND REPRESENTATIVE PAYS TRIBUTE TO A GREAT IMPERIALIST: THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT ON HIS WAY TO CECIL RHODES' GRAVE.
5. DRAWN UP THE MATOPPO HILLS: PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT ON HER WAY TO VISIT CECIL RHODES' GRAVE.

The Duke of Connaught was due to reach Portsmouth, after his valuable and interesting tour in South Africa as the King's representative, on Wednesday morning, December 28. That his Royal Highness's visit was a great success none will deny. AM will hope, also, that it will make yet stronger the ties that bind South Africa to this country.

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY



EASTMAN

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

SCIENCE—PROGRESS AND MAN'S WELFARE.

ONE'S experience teaches that men are inclined either to be highly pessimistic or, on the other hand, very optimistic at the close of one year and the beginning of the next. One class or type looks ahead in weariness of spirit; the other "hopeth all things," and consoles itself for past disappointments with the reflection that things might have been worse. On the whole, the cheery optimist has the best of the position, I think. At least, he brings to the front a cheerfulness which is sustaining, and exerts a certain tonic influence that the other man misses. We must all growl and grumble about something or other, ranging from somebody's terminological inexactitudes to the iniquity of the local rating; but few of us take a survey of what science has done and is doing to help in the progress of the race. If anybody needs consoling in a world he regards as rather played out, he might find the scientist's outlook somewhat of a cheering measure. The increase of knowledge, emphatically be it said, does not imply the increase of sorrow. For if the abolition of disease, the relief of pain, the easier communication with one's fellows, the spread of literature, and the general arousing of people to life's interests be some results of scientific and allied work, then, allowing a liberal discount for failures and the rest,



BUILT WITHOUT PIERS AT THE ONLY POINT POSSIBLE: A REMARKABLE BRIDGE OVER THE NAM-TI CHASM, CHINA.

The chasm is so curiously shaped that only at one point was it possible to build the bridge.

brain-storms. People are beginning to interest themselves in questions relating to their feeding, and even



DARWIN

Purely physical science does not rest on its oars. We have physicists busy with the determination of the atom, with the ultimate constitution of matter, and with the variations in the play of the great forces of the universe which have been harnessed in the service of man. Wireless telegraphy approaches new developments; the steam-engine is in course of evolution, and electrical traction comes boldly to the front as a more satisfactory mode of progression than steam itself. The taxi-cab represents, in its way, a departure which enables the business of the world to be more expeditiously carried out, and the day may not be very far distant when our faithful equine friend will be relegated to a back place in the world of active life. Telephones and allied instruments are also being improved and developed. We not only write our messages, or draw our diagrams, to be reproduced automatically miles away, but the progress of scientific research may perchance enable our eyes to see far-off things, as the microscope gives to our sight vastly increased powers of noting what is minute.

Beyond all these advances, however, we should not fail to note the brain that lies behind the throne of successful investigation. Physiologists tell us we have untold millions of brain-cells, but they also make it clear to us that we do not use anything



AN EXTRAORDINARY STRUCTURE IN THE BUILDING: JOINING UP THE SUPPORT OF THE RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE NAM-TI CHASM.

The tunnels that pierce the chasm's walls were constructed first. Then the bridge was laid in the manner shown, the two parts of the support being lowered to meet in the middle and there to be joined finally.

this fine old world of ours is undoubtedly very far from the stagnation that precedes dissolution and decay. Review even one year's progress, and you will note we have really been marching and not merely marking time. Stocktaking, in this sense, is not a dispiriting process.

For example, select the field of disease-prevention—an area of scientific inquiry which of all others must possess the deepest interest for humanity. The Radium Institute will soon be in operation, and will represent the crux of antecedent discoveries, the gist and trend of which no man could have forecast when radium was first noted as a physical factor of power and importance. Cancer-research goes bravely on its way, though the light-rays of science have not yet succeeded in disclosing the whereabouts of the pathway to success amid the darkness that enshrouds the causation of the disease. It is something to reflect that research toils on hopefully and persistently, even if the goal has not been attained. Our plagues are being tracked down to their sources of origin. We know where sleeping-sickness comes from, and how plague originates. Other epidemics we are beginning to hold in the hollow of our hand. Hygiene is abolishing the slum, and with it the degeneracy of the poor. Even the care and cure of the insane are undergoing a revolution in respect of the watchful eye science is keeping on the causes that go to produce mental upset and

food-faddists assist the progress of dietetics, because to show forth the follies of many such systems, people have to learn the elements of the science of nutrition.

like a full measure of these wondrous governmental cells of ours. I have often thought that the higher evolution of man may come in ways and in degrees undreamt of to-day when our dormant and unused cells are brought into the field of activity. What possibilities loom before such a development of brain-power, who may prophesy or imagine! The music of the spheres might then become revealed to us in a fashion that, but for some coeval evolution of ourselves, would paralyse and confound us. Only, evolution works slowly, and our newer faculties would, doubtless, be adjusted to our powers of reception and to our abilities to avail ourselves of the higher and more complex sources of knowledge that would be our portion.

Amid all physical progress there lies the question of social and moral advance. Lest we forget our ethical side, it may be well to remind ourselves of our duties to one another, of our responsibilities to the community and to the State whereof we are members. Left out of count, national advance can mean nothing if it does not include the gifts of sympathy, altruism, and the exercise of goodwill. It is easy to sweep aside the weak, but the true progress is that alone which concerns itself, amid all else, with "the relief of man's estate."

ANDREW WILSON.



A NEW LAST-AID TREATMENT: MR. LEONARD HILL'S HEART-STIMULANT.

Mr. Leonard Hill, of the London Hospital, has invented for last aid the device here illustrated. It supplies a mixed vapour of oxygen, alcohol, and water direct to the lungs.

Photo, News Illus. Co.

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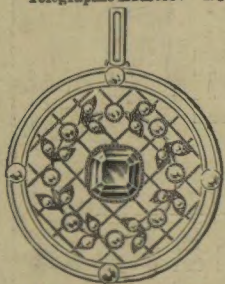
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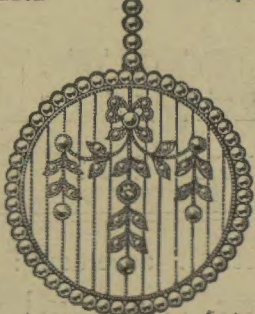
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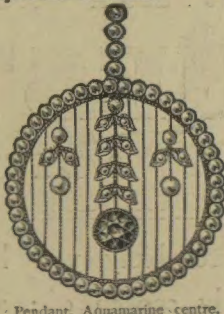
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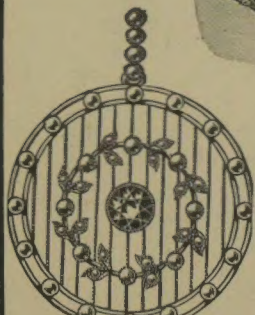
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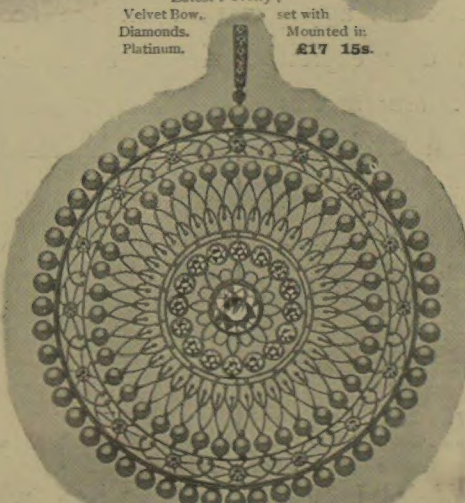
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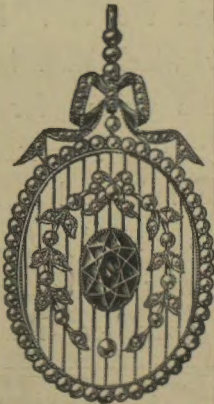
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LADIES' PAGE.

IT is surely hard upon the widowed Peeresses who have remarried that at great State ceremonies like the coming Coronation they should be refused the rank which was still allowed to them as widows, and be compelled to descend to the rank of their second husbands. Such is the formal announcement made by the Lord Chamberlain as regards the position of these ladies at the Coronation. It is no new thing, however, for at State balls and concerts the stern rule has long been carried out. The "Duchesses' Bench" has always been debarred to ladies who as Dukes' widows were still allowed to take those seats, but on remarriage with Peers of lower rank or commoners have been called upon to descend. Society does not take this view: "Once a Peeress, always a Peeress" is the recognised practice, and there are a considerable number of ladies known to everybody as Lady This or That whose present husbands, having lower rank, are separately named. In some cases, such as that of the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos, the second husband is also a Peer: this lady will be recognised at the Coronation as the widow of Lord Egerton of Tatton, but not as a Duchess. Often, as in the case of two Peeresses who have married during the last few months, the new husband is a commoner; and Lady Chesham, now the wife of Mr. John Moncrieffe, will obtain only such place as may be assigned to her as the daughter of the late Duke of Westminster; while Mary Lady Inverclyde becomes Lady Hunter, and no longer a member of the Peerage at all. But even the Baronet's "lady" is allowed to retain her title by Society after her remarriage, as a matter of courtesy, if she likes to do so.

Much charity is expected from Peeresses in their own neighbourhoods; but some of these ladies find energy still left to assist a wider circle of their fellow-creatures. The Duchess of Sutherland has just held a Christmas sale in London of the really beautiful work done by her special "Cripples' Guild." This her Grace founded to train and employ poor fellows deprived of some limb, but still healthy, and able, after training, to turn out chased and beaten silver-ware, pewter, enamel, and other articles of high artistic merit. The Duchess of Marlborough has undertaken at her own expense a rather singular form of charity—namely, a workroom for the wives of prisoners undergoing short sentences. These poor women are usually blameless, and the imprisonment of the husband flings suddenly upon them the necessity for becoming the sole support of their families. If no help is given her, it is very difficult for a woman in such a case all at once to go forth into the labour market and earn the family's bread; so the kind Duchess has instituted workrooms, of which she is the sole support and patroness, in which these women do needlework under supervision, and are paid enough just to enable them to keep the home together, ready to receive the man on his release.



AN EVENING DRESS FOR NEW-YEAR PARTIES.

A white satin gown with tunic draperies of coloured Ninon-de-soie and trimming of very fine bead embroidery.

A form of charity that it appears to me ought to appeal to women is help for a class of brave, hard-working men who carry on a vocation on which much of our daily comfort and national riches depends, yet in which we can personally take no share—I mean that of the seaman. The Laureate of the sailor, Mr. Clark Russell, who was himself a seaman till crippled by rheumatism, has justly described sailors as "a race of men to whom Britain owes the greater part of her prosperity, who brave death, who combat the elements, who lead the life in many instances of mongrel dogs, who submit, with few murmurs that ever reach the shore-going ear, to privations, in order that our tables and our homes may be abundantly furnished, our banking balances large, and our national importance supreme." I observe that Miss Isabella Boustred, of Blackheath, whose will has just been proved, has bequeathed one thousand pounds to the Seamen's Hospital ("The Dreadnought"), Greenwich, and this admirable institution might well share more often in our womanly interests, not only by such large bequests, but by regular subscriptions, and also by gifts of flowers, fruit, books, and magazines from time to time.

Messrs. Liberty's Winter Sale begins on Jan. 2, and a great variety of their artistic and exclusive goods are offered at a considerable reduction. Any intending purchaser who cannot go in person can obtain a catalogue by writing for it; but a personal visit is desirable, as patterns of remnants and small and odd goods cannot be sent by post, and in these are some great and charming bargains, such as remnants of the renowned Liberty velveteens, in lengths from two yards to three and a-half yards, at 2s. the yard, instead of the usual 3s. 11d. Cloths and homespuns and silks and crêpes for gowns and cloaks are all reduced, and now is the time to buy, at a nominal price, the exquisite muslins of Liberty designs for your summer gowns; patterns of such goods to be sold by the yard are sent post free. Made-up dresses and coats in the artistic Liberty styles, house-gowns, and evening-gowns and children's frocks, are all on the sale list. The furnishing department follows suit, and fabrics for curtains and furniture covers are much reduced, together with many carpets and rugs, and substantial pieces of furnishings. In the jewellery department, too, there are some charming bargains at wonderful prices in gold, silver, and enamel; and everything is in perfect taste.

American foot-wear, made in a great variety of fittings and very smart in design and finish, is sold at quite moderate prices at all times by the Hanan-Gingell Shoe Store, 328-332, Oxford Street, opposite Bond Street. Their winter sale, however, beginning Jan. 2, sees their stock offered at very considerable reductions, to make place for new consignments; and it is an opportunity to be taken advantage of—in the men's as well as the ladies' departments.—FILOMENA.

DO YOU REALISE WHAT THE ÆOLIAN ORCHESTRELLE ACTUALLY IS?



IN all probability you have seen it advertised: have heard it highly spoken of: are aware, in a general way, that it has received the highest expert endorsements possible.

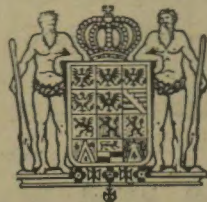
But are you sufficiently familiar with it to know that the Æolian Orchestrelle is so entirely an instrument by itself that it is capable of affording you musical pleasure in a greater degree than you have ever known?

Of all forms of instrumental music that of the orchestra is the noblest and the best. Itself the aggregation of all the accepted means by which man has ever expressed himself in music, the compositions written for it are among the grandest efforts of human genius. The Æolian Orchestrelle is the only means by which the individual can properly interpret orchestral music. We are always pleased to see anyone interested in music at Æolian Hall, so why not definitely make up your mind to call? In any case write for Catalogue 5.



The Orchestrelle Company,
ÆOLIAN HALL,

135-6-7, New Bond Street, London, W.



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OUR JANUARY SALE of SURPLUS STOCK affords an excellent opportunity for replenishing in our world-renowned makes of Irish Linens at lowest Belfast prices.

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STANDARD MAKES of IRISH LINEN
AT BARGAIN PRICES.

BARGAINS IN TABLE LINEN

include quite a quantity of Odd Cloths in designs recently discarded, and as their clearance is necessary, all are marked at very low prices.

Table Cloths, 2 by 2½ yards ... each 9/6 and 10/9
Table Cloths, 2 by 3 yards ... each 11/9 and 12/9
Table Napkins, 2 by 2½ yard ... doz. 6/6 and 7/3

BARGAINS IN BED LINEN

also include odd lots of Sheets, and the reasonable prices quoted for Sheets, Pillow Cases, and Towels are such as seldom offered.

Linen Sheets (hemmed for use), 2 by 3 yds., 12/11; 2½ by 3 yds., 15/6 pr.
Hemstitched Linen Sheets, 2 by 3 yds., 15/11; 2½ by 3 yds., 20/9 pair;
2½ by 3½ yds., 23/6; 3 by 3½ yds., 30/- pair.
Linen Pillow Cases, 17 by 28 in., 1/8; 20 by 30 in., 2/3 pair.
Linen Towels, heavy huckaback, usually 15/6; offered at 12/6 doz.

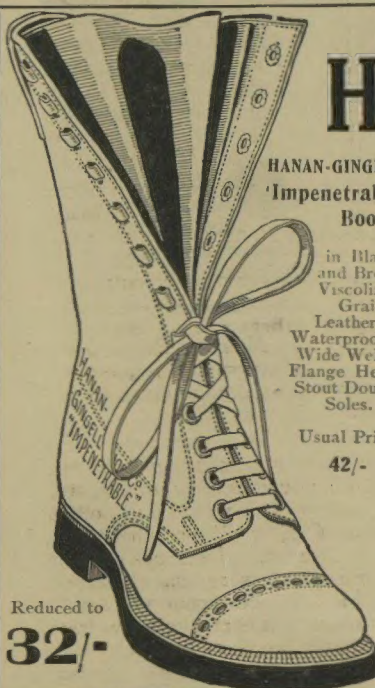
BARGAINS IN HANDKERCHIEFS

consisting as they do of the stocks left over from the recent Christmas trade, are in too great a variety to specify examples here, but whether for Ladies, Gentlemen, or Children, are all substantially reduced to clear.

ILLUSTRATED SALE LIST POST FREE.

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HANAN-GINGELL
'Impenetrable'
Boot

in Black and Brown
Viscolized Grain
Leather.
Waterproofed
Wide Welts,
Flange Heels,
Stout Double
Soles.

Usual Price,
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Reduced to
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(Exactly opposite Bond Street.)

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of Highest Grade American Footwear
in both Ladies' and Men's Departments.

HANAN SHOES
at Substantial Reductions.

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IN THE EARLY MORNING
CUP OF BENER."

Mixed with fresh new milk,
Benger's Food forms a dainty and
delicious cream, and is a complete
food in most agreeable form.

Half freshly-made tea and
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milk or cream, makes a
delightful change, com-
bining the refreshing
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Food issue a Booklet contain-
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WILL NOT ENTANGLE OR BREAK THE HAIR.



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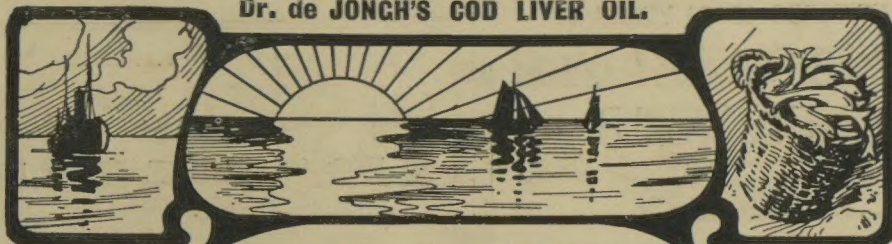
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For Consumption, Bronchitis,
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"I have found your Cod Liver Oil more uniform in
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Sold by all Chemists in Imperial Capsuled Bottles.

Half-pints, 2/6; Pints, 4/9; Quarts, 9/-.

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The Best natural Aperient Water.
Assists the digestive organs to
perform their natural functions,
eliminates all impurities from
the blood, and removes PIMPLES
and BLOTCHES.

A wineglassful taken on arising

SECURES A
CLEAR COMPLEXION

Oakey's "WELLINGTON" Knife Polish

The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery,
and all Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper articles. Sold in Canisters
at 3d., 6d., & 1s., by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, &c.
Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, London, S.E.



When coming out into
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after Concerts, etc., the prettiest
and most effective protection for
your neck is

THE "PHOENIX" MUFLER.

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NEW TO THE BRITISH PUBLIC.

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The essence of convenience, slipped on
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In finest silk-finished yarns, all sizes and colours,
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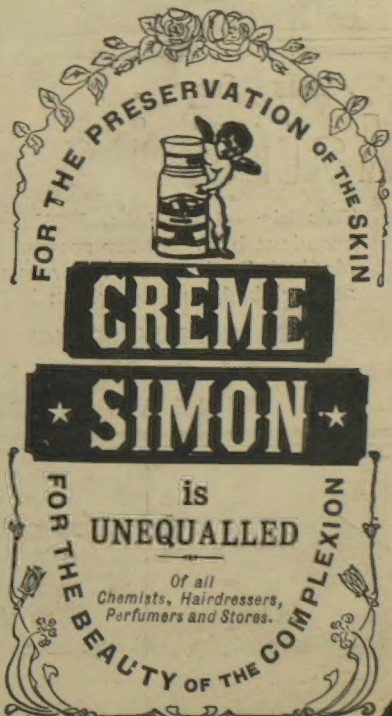
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HEERING'S OPENHAGEN CHERRY BRANDY

Purveyor to the Royal
Danish and Imperial
Russian Courts.



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UNEQUALLED

Of all
Chemists, Hairdressers,
Perfumers and Stores.

FOR THE BEAUTY OF THE COMPLEXION

NAPOLEON IN CARICATURE AND IN CHARACTER.

(See Illustrations on "At the Sign of St. Paul's" Page.)

NAPOLEONIC literature continues to accumulate, and there seems to be always room for new books on the subject, whether they break new ground or whether they cover old ground in a new manner. The extraordinary thing is, indeed, that there is any new ground left to break in this much-tilled literary field. Yet, of the three books here to be dealt with, two are able to make this claim as to novelty of aspect. Mr. A. M. Broadley, in the preface, to his fascinating volumes, "Napoleon in Caricature" (John Lane), says: "There is no work in existence entirely devoted either to the history or the description of the numerous satiric prints concerning Napoleon Bonaparte which appeared in France, Germany, Russia, Italy, Spain, Holland, Switzerland, and Scandinavia between 1795 and 1821." English caricatures relating to Napoleon's threatened invasion of this country were partly dealt with by Mr. Broadley himself, in collaboration with Mr. H. F. B. Wheeler, in a previous work, "Napoleon and the Invasion of England," and in Ashton's "English Caricature and Satire on Napoleon I.," published in 1884. But whereas Ashton enumerates only 350 English prints, Mr. Broadley has now succeeded in tracing no fewer than 990. His present work is divided into two volumes, the first dealing with English caricatures of Napoleon and the second with those produced in various countries on the Continent, as well as English caricatures relating to Napoleon's last years; and those executed in pottery, porcelain, and heraldry. The second volume also contains an Appendix with exhaustive lists. The two volumes are very handsomely produced, as is the wont of books issuing from the Bodley Head, and they contain nearly 250 illustrations, of which two dozen are in colour, the reproductions leaving nothing to be desired. Among these illustrations are portraits of the three great caricaturists—Gillray, Cruikshank, and Rowlandson—as well as of Rudolph Ackerman and Samuel Fores, two of the principal London publishers and purveyors of pictorial satire against Napoleon. Dr. J.

Holland Rose, the brilliant Napoleonic historian, contributes an interesting Introduction; while Mr. Broadley's own running commentary on the pictures makes remarkably good reading, and throws many sidelights on little-known episodes of the period. The general effect of these volumes is to make one realise how completely Napoleon filled the stage of European politics, for the extent to which he is caricatured is a very good measure of a man's importance. They also emphasise the power of caricature as a political weapon. The drawings themselves, often grotesque, are, on the whole, of more historic than artistic interest. In humour and draughtsmanship, with some exceptions, they are inferior to an average number of *Punch*, though,

with great thoroughness, and the result is a very readable and interesting book. It is, he says, "The first original study in English of the influence of his environment upon the growth of Napoleon. The subject has not been more than touched upon in any language." The mere description of the environment, apart from the deductions made from it, forms a narrative of peculiar interest, revealing, as it does, so many details about Corsica and Napoleon's family and his early days which are unfamiliar to English readers. The book is illustrated by a number of portraits and other pictures, including a Bonaparte pedigree and some facsimiles of Napoleon's handwriting.

The title of Mr. Charles F. Warwick's book, "Napoleon and the End of the French Revolution" (Fisher Unwin) rather suggests that it, too, is a study of a special phase in the career of the man whom, before his emergence into fame, Barras once described as "a little Corsican officer, who will not stop on ceremony." The book, however, resolves itself into a short life of Napoleon, picturesquely written, in the main a narrative of events rather than a discussion of causes, and laying stress on matters of personal rather than of political interest. This will commend it all the more to the general reader, particularly as it is accompanied by portraits of the great people of the time, including Nelson and Pitt, Wellington and Blücher, Josephine and Maria Louisa, besides many portraits of Napoleon himself.

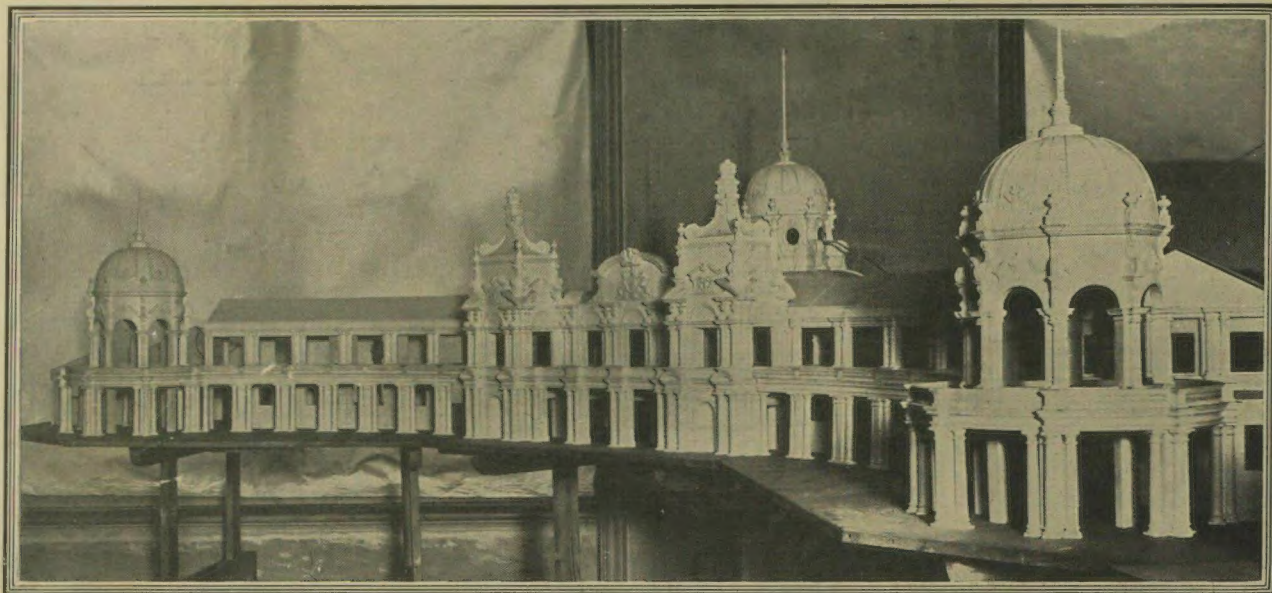


Photo. L.E.A.

THE TURIN EXHIBITION OF 1911: A MODEL OF THE BUILDINGS FOR THE BRITISH SECTION.

The great International Exhibition of Turin, held to commemorate the jubilee of Italian unity in the city which, from 1861 to 1864, was the first capital of the kingdom of Italy, is to be opened in April 1911, under the patronage of King Victor Emmanuel III. The palatial buildings for the British Section were inaugurated on September 3, 1909, in the presence of about thirty representative British journalists. The buildings occupy a commanding position on the river, and are arranged in the form of an amphitheatre.

of course, it is always difficult fully to appreciate bygone humour, since many of the points are lost. "Nevertheless," as Dr. Holland Rose says, "these sketches possess a very real historical value. They enable us to feel the throbs of the pulse of each European nation."

Mr. Norwood Young describes his book, "The Growth of Napoleon" (Murray) as "a study in environment." His object has been to trace the effect of his surroundings on Napoleon's character and career, mainly in his early life. As he well remarks, "The most difficult part of the task of the biographer, when relating the childhood of a great man, is to try and forget what happened afterwards." Mr. Young has worked out his thesis

Warrants of Appointment as soap-manufacturers to his Majesty the King and to her Majesty the Queen.

We much regret that, owing to an unfortunate accident in our mechanical departments, a mistake occurred, in our Issue of Dec. 10, in the advertisement of Messrs. Carter, the well-known makers of invalid and other special furniture, of 2, 4, and 6, New Cavendish Street, and 125 to 129, Great Portland Street. The prices of their "Literary Machine" Reading Stands were wrongly stated as ranging "from 7s. 6d.," instead of "from 17s. 6d.," as the figure should have been. We particularly draw attention to this, lest it should be thought there was any misrepresentation on the part of Messrs. Carter.

Messrs. Pears have been graciously accorded

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"PYRAMID FOOD WARMER."

INVALUABLE IN EVERY HOUSE
WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
2/6, 3/6, 5/- AND 6/- EACH.

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"PYRAMID"
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Ask for . . . Mattoni's Giesshubler

This high-class Natural Mineral Table Water, besides being an excellent beverage for regular use, is highly recommended by the Medical Profession to persons who have undergone treatment at Carlsbad, and to whom it is very beneficial as an after-cure.

ITS EFFERVESCENCE IS PERFECTLY NATURAL.

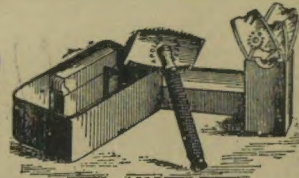
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